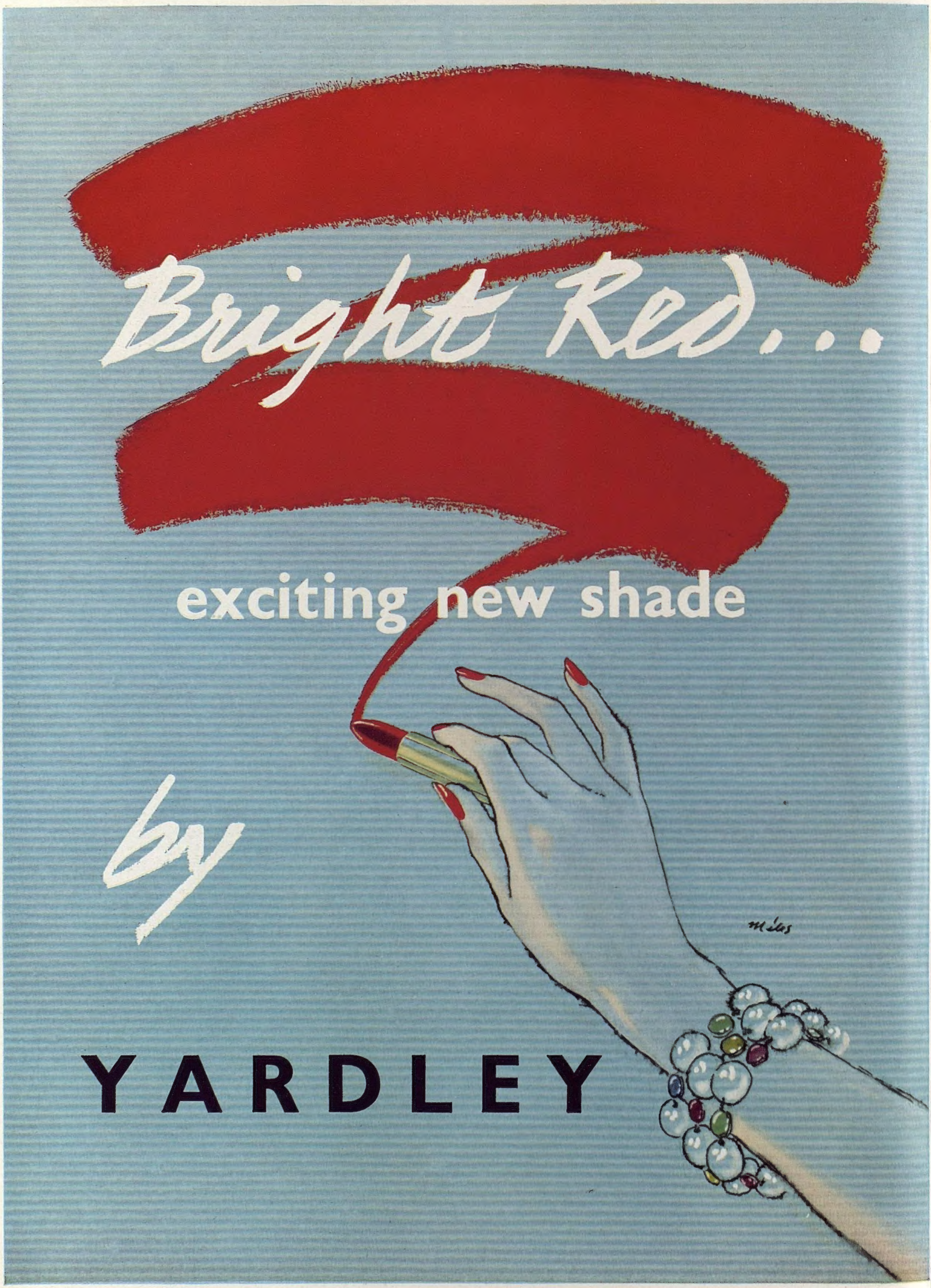
2/- *The Sketch*

SUMMER FASHION AND BEAUTY NUMBER

No 2809 Vol. CCXVI JUNE 4 1952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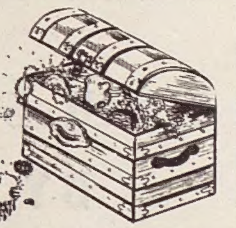

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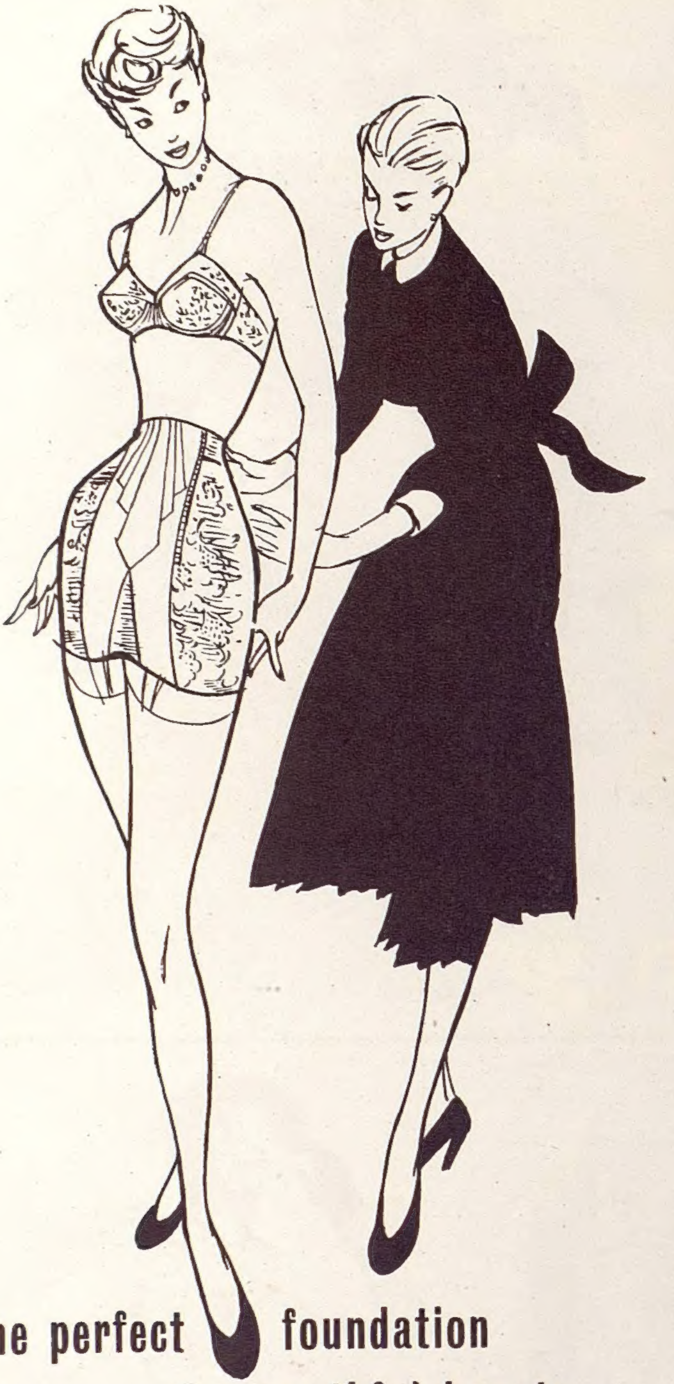

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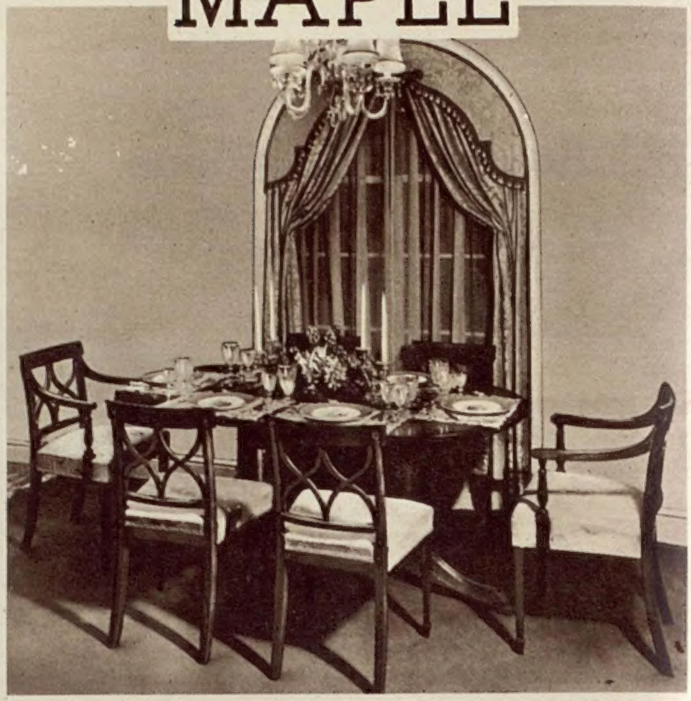

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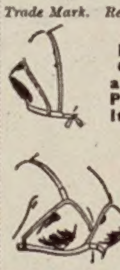

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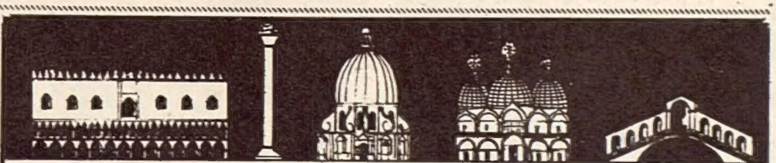

VENICE
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EVENTS 1952

26th INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF ART	June 14 - October 19
SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN THE DOGES PALACE	July 1 - 31
International Motorboat Races	July 13
THE FEAST OF THE REDEEMER	July 19
Air Week and International Aeronautical Show	July 24 - 27
MURANO REGATTA	August 3
NIGHT FÊTE ON THE GRAND CANAL	August 16
AT THE PALAZZO GRASSI:	
EXHIBITION "THE SILK INDUSTRY"	August 18 - October 19
PERFORMANCES IN THE OPEN	August 20 - September 10
13th INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL	August 20 - September 12
Opera Season in Campo Sant'Angelo	August
FESTIVAL OF FASHION	September 1 - 7
HISTORICAL REGATTA	September 7
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL of CONTEMPORARY MUSIC	September 10 - 22
WORLD CONGRESS OF ARTISTS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF U.N.E.S.C.O.	September 22 - 28
13th INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL	September 23 - October 5

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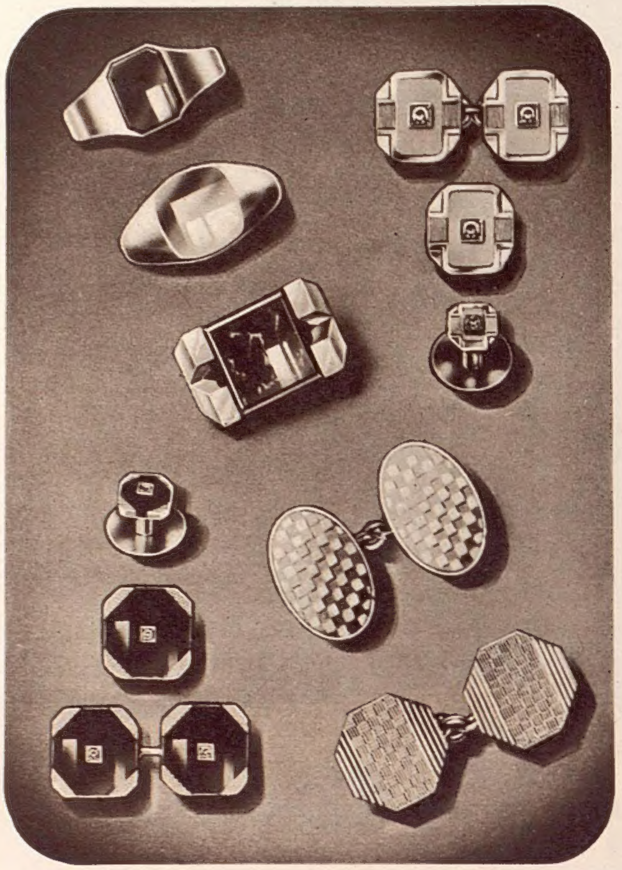

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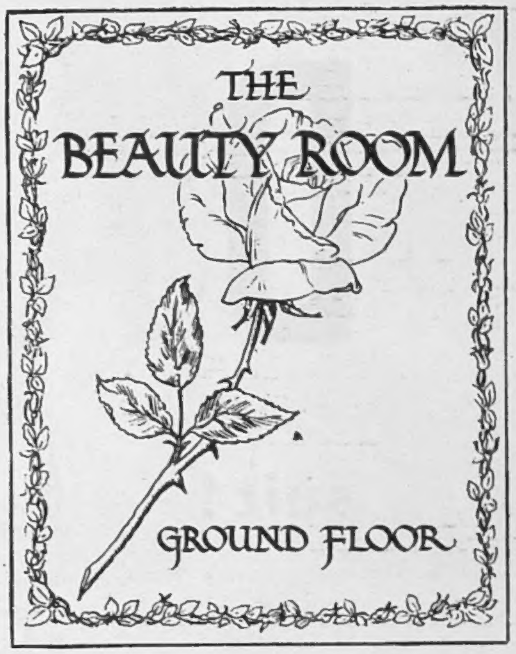
A NEW ROSE BLOOMS at Marshall & Snelgrove.....



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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1952

MERRY YOUNG PRODIGY

Miss Maureen Connolly, who has come over from the U.S. to compete in the Wimbledon championships, has been tipped by experts as "potentially the world's greatest woman tennis player." She arrived by air with her coach, Miss Eleanor Tennant, and was wreathed in smiles and tennis rackets, all ready for the almost American reception laid on for her. Cameras, movie cameras and reporters jostled for attention from her, and Miss Tennant divulged that "Maureen has improved a lot," which, judging from her old form, should give Wimbledon watchers something to crick their necks at.

"A" FOR ALLEGIANCE, EDWARDS—James Keith O'Neil Edwards, M.A. (Cantab.), Rector of Aberdeen University, is seen setting off for Buckingham Palace to swear allegiance to the Queen. With him *left*, are Mr. Thomas Johnston, Chancellor of the University; Dr. T. M. Taylor, Principal; and *right*, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Butchart, Secretary.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

THERE are some politicians whom one would not mind doing up in bundles and giving away with a pound of tea. There are some, however, whose withdrawal from public life is a real loss. Thus I was very sorry to learn at Mr. Ian Harvey's recent lunch at the House of Commons to Mr. Walter Lippmann, that Mr. John Baker-White, M.P. for Canterbury, is having to retire from the House of Commons due to an injury as a result of parachuting during the war. Politics is a tough game nowadays, and while his friends will be glad to hear that if he avoids the deleterious effects of late nights in the Commons he will be able to lead a normal life, his loss to politics will, however, be great. He is one of those refreshing people who are as tough in mind as they are in body. One cannot imagine John talking or thinking nonsense, or not saying what he thought in any circumstances or whatever the consequences, and the immense versatility which he has crammed into his career—which ranges from soldiering and Intelligence to studying farming (as a labourer) and human nature (as a circus hand)—has meant that there can be scarcely a section of the community in his constituency whose problems he does not understand.

Incidentally, I am indebted to him for the reply made by Anthony Henley (the younger), M.P. for Southampton in the days of rotten boroughs, to some importunate constituents:

> Gentlemen, I received yours and am surprised by your insolence in troubling me about the Excise. You know what I very well know, that I Bought you. And I know, what perhaps you think I don't know, you are now selling yourself to Somebody Else. And I know, what you don't know, that I am buying another Borough.
>
> May God's curse light on you all.
>
> May your houses be as open and common to all Excise Officers as your Wifes and Daughters were to me when I stood for your Scoundrell Corporation.
>
> Yours ANTHONY HENLEY.

Citizens of Canterbury need, however, have no fear that Mr. Baker-White is likely to treat them to a similar valedictory diatribe. He has lived all his life in the constituency, will continue to do so, and is as fond of it as he is popular in it.

IAN HARVEY, our host on this occasion, is another tough, versatile and amusing M.P. who would be a loss to public life. One Sunday morning during that very cold spell just after Christmas, I got up to see someone off from Kensington Air Station at half-past seven. I took my dogs with me, and afterwards went for a pre-breakfast walk round Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. Near the Round Pond I observed what I took to be a nineteenth-century French marine. The apparition was dressed in dark blue, with white cross-belfs and white spatter-dashes. On closer inspection it proved to be Ian Harvey dressed in a boiler-suit, with white straps for haversacks, and white gym shoes. He told me that he was off for his early-morning bathe in the Serpentine. I am afraid I did not believe him (the ice was an inch thick) and insisted on accompanying him. I found that he is, in fact, a member of the little band

of enthusiasts who indulge in this curious form of pleasure. Among them he is called, from his legislative duties, "The Senator." Before my astonished eyes the Senator did indeed plunge into the Serpentine and swim about with apparent enjoyment. An elderly individual was breaking the ice for the bathers with a long pole. He winked at me, and said: "I know what you are thinking, Sir—there 's one born every minute!" Well—I didn 't say it, did I?

THE Ski Club of Great Britain's annual dinner and dance was a pleasant occasion, and even the president, Sir Malcolm Trustram-Eve's warning to members that now they are moving into the club's new premises at 118, Eaton Square, their subscriptions are inadequate to cover costs, did little to put a damper on the proceedings. The two Misses Mackintosh—Sheena and Voora—duly won the notable prizes which two such fine skiers deserve. There is a great deal in heredity. I suppose in his time Christopher, their father, was probably the finest, and certainly the toughest, skier in the Alps of his day. "Mac's Leap" on the Tschuggen run from Scheidegg is named after him, because he was the first person to take that precipitous gap straight, and I still have a vivid picture in my mind's eye of the absolutely straight line down the Schiltgrat in Mürren which he took in the Arlberg-Kandahar race in 1932—or was it in 1933? I have another picture of Christopher, and that is of his tucking the two young ladies who received prizes at the S.C.G.B. dinner, one under each arm, and ski-ing with them from Scheidegg down to Wengen. It is only fair to say that this was fifteen or sixteen years ago.

To play squash or lawn tennis with Christopher is an alarming experience. In the first game he seems to fill the whole court; in the second he hits the ball with the strength of an accurately-minded and active elephant. Almost the last time I played tennis with him was in a four at Queen's, when we were taking a brief time off from our various activities during the early stages of the war. It was an odd game. There was another first-class player, the four being completed by Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, who had only recently reached the country and who had not played for seven years, and myself, who had not touched a racket for three. In the middle of the game the sirens went—for the first time in the London area during the Battle of Britain. (It was the evening the Stukas attacked Croydon Aerodrome.) When we had finished our game, we found that one effect of the alert was that the bar had been locked up—an example of British carefulness in emergency only matched by the first-class bar steward on the *Titanic*. In the Board of Trade report on the sinking of the *Titanic* (incidentally, for all its cold officialese—or perhaps because of it—one of the most dramatic documents ever printed), it appears that the bar steward in the first-class smoking-room, in spite of the fact that he knew the ship would go down and that his chances of survival were very slight, carefully counted his stock and locked it up. There was, however, an open bottle of brandy three-quarters full. Thinking that no harm could be done in the circumstances, he drank the lot. As a result (although owing to the extreme cold of the water very few others survived more than five minutes), he was picked up a long time later roaring drunk but completely unharmed!

"That perfume is particularly attractive to men, having the odour of wet earth, tweeds, gunpowder, fish and cigar smoke!"
Drawn by Donald Green.

ALAS, brandy, like all other liqueurs, cocktails, short drinks—indeed, all alcohol except a little of the good wine of Bordeaux—is forbidden me for many months to come. This is the season of cocktail and other parties, and I fully understand why teetotallers are on the whole such a gloomy bunch. "My dear! The *noise*—and the *people*!" as the young Guards officer is said to have remarked, emerging from a peculiarly fierce engagement in which he had covered himself with glory. I find that twenty minutes and two tonic waters is as much as I can stand. To approach a cocktail party in cold blood is nothing short of a penance. To the unheartened, involuntary prig that one becomes, the appalling noise of convivial people endeavouring to make themselves heard, the bad jokes told to one three times over by the same person, the inane witticisms which please those who perpetrate them so much that they dissolve into gusts of laughter, are all a little hard to bear. As for official functions and public dinners, one realises that those bottle-scarred veterans of a hundred City banquets are only endurable if you can "see them, as it were, through a glass Berkeley." I can see myself gradually sinking into a state of morbid, morose, curmudgeonly gloom as the summer progresses.

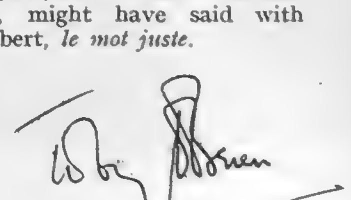
It all reminds me of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's lines (written during Prohibition in the United States):

And when they ask you out to dine
In Washington, instead of wine
They give you water from the spring,
With lumps of ice for flavouring,
Which sometimes kill and always freeze
The high plenipotentiaries.

I came across a similar warning about the rash use of water in a book on grouse-shooting written in the '20's of the last century. After discussing the various forms of refreshment to which the sportsman might have recourse "when the solar beams are at their height," the writer remarked that "an admixture of brandy and water may often be found the most refreshing. *Water by itself should never be taken.* It has often proved fatal."

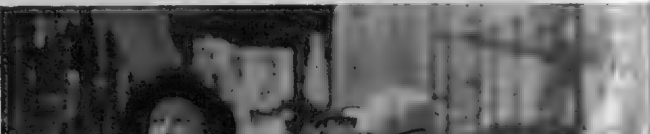
The famous investigation of G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc into the causes of drunkenness also stands as a warning. The first night they drank nothing but whisky and water and got drunk. The second night nothing but gin and water—and got drunk. The third night nothing but rum and water—with the same result. The fourth night brandy and water, and so on. When they had recovered from the effects of their potations, they reached the conclusion that there was only one common factor—the water—which, therefore, was the root cause of all drunkenness!

MR. DONALD WOLFIT, who is a member of the National Council of the Society for Individual Freedom, distinguished himself in the chair at their recent amusing 109th lunch, at which such stout-hearted individualists as Mr. Terry Thomas, Ted Kavanagh (the creator of the immortal "Itma"), Basil Dean and others spoke or were present. It was what the seventeenth century, in which he is so much at home, would have described as a "pleasant conceit" of Mr. Wolfit to propose the toast of the Queen by quoting the Garter King of Arms in Henry VIII.: "Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!" He also gave permission to smoke by quoting from Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*: "A pipe of tobacco to close up the stomach. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any Prince of Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." "Precious" is, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who netted £604,000,000 in tobacco tax last year, might have said with Flaubert, *le mot juste.*



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, followed by Princess Margaret, alights from the *Comet* after their grand tour, and is presented with a bunch of flowers by Anne de Havilland, granddaughter of Sir Geoffrey de Havilland.

Mother and daughter walk blithely away from the giant jet airliner which whisked them over the Alps and far away between lunch and tea-time. Behind the Princess is the Marchioness of Salisbury, who was also on the flight.



At Whiteinch to launch the cargo motorship *Windsor*, the Princess Royal, her left arm in a sling, walks with Mr. George Barrie, chairman of Barclay Curle's.

ROYAL WEEK-END

By *Comet* to the Mediterranean and back ; by car to Cowdray ; launching ships ; out driving ; going to christenings : our active Royal family recently spent a busy week-end.

Most spectacular was the four-hour tour of Europe by *Comet* made by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. They took off at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, after inspecting the de Havilland factory, where the *Comets* are made. At Cowdray, the Queen watched the Duke of Edinburgh play polo ; at Whiteinch the Princess Royal launched the cargo motorship *Windsor* ; Queen Mary, on the eve of her eighty-fifth birthday, went for a two-and-a-half-hour drive from Marlborough House ; in Surrey the Duchess of Kent was a godmother at the christening of the ex-Kaiser's great-granddaughter.

The Queen having tea in the open when at Cowdray polo ground to see the match between the Duke of Edinburgh's team *Polo Cottage* and *The Knaves*. The player with his back to the camera is Mr. Charles Smith Ryland.

Queen Mary returning to Marlborough House by car after her two-and-a-half-hour drive.

Left : Christening party, *l. to r.*, Dr. M. von Rogister, the Crown Princess Cecilie, mother of Prince Friedrich ; the Duchess of Kent, godmother, with the baby ; Prince Vsevolode of Russia, and Prince and Princess Friedrich von Preussen, the parents, with their two young sons in front. *Above* : the Royal godmother with the baby and its grandmother.

A romantic ball gown, modelled by Gillian Grant. Pearl-pink duchess satin is used for the strapless bodice, which is intricately tucked and decorated by a spray of matching roses. Masses of crystal sun-rayed nylon tulle went into the drifting skirt, and a long tulle scarf drapes gracefully over one shoulder to finish off with a fly-away end. Gillian will also be carrying a pink posy.

Nineteen-year-old Venetia Lane wears a fairy-tale dress in white lace embroidered with silver bugles and mother-of-pearl sequins. The cascading skirt is finely pleated, and measures nearly 25 yards round the hem! The taffeta underskirt is scalloped at the top, giving a delightfully demure appearance to the transparent lace which goes right up to a high neckline. The flounce at the bottom just clears the floor.

MISS GILLIAN GRANT.

MISS VENETIA LANE.

FOUR DEBS — FOUR DRESSES

Virginia Estcourt's exquisite dress is a crinoline of lilac chantilly lace and tulle mounted on rustling poult. One shoulder is left bare; the other is covered by a filmy scarf which continues down under the amethyst-velvet cummerbund to form a floating panel on the skirt. The hem is scalloped. Virginia's gloves match the cummerbund, and she carries amethyst-coloured flowers.

One of the prettiest and most delicate young bride's dresses of the season is the wedding gown worn by Sarah Chester-Beatty. Made out of 200 yards of white net and organdie, it has an off-the-shoulder neckline, and an enormously full skirt mounted over a hooped petticoat. The white organdie overskirt is appliqued with hand-sewn white and gold rose petals, and the headdress and bouquet are of white gardenias.

MISS VIRGINIA ESTCOURT.

MISS SARAH CHESTER-BEATTY.

These four girls, whose dresses for the occasion are sketched above, are among the debutantes who will be acting as models at the Berkeley Debutante Dress Show in aid of the St. Loyes College for the Rehabilitation of the Disabled, at the Berkeley Hotel on June 9. All those concerned with the show have given their services voluntarily. Mr. Michael Sherard designed the dresses.

OUR BOOKSHELF

SOME BOOKS ABOUT THE HOME AND GARDEN

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE number of books being published about the pleasures of the table and garden and about good living generally, increases with each year of shortage, just as travel books grow more numerous as the holiday allowance shrinks. It seems that when we cannot have things we want, at least we have plenty of opportunity to read about them. The standard of these books is very high indeed, as the pile in front of me shows. They nearly all contain valuable and new information, they are attractively, sometimes lavishly presented, they are well written. The very sight of them in their gay jackets with their photographs of foods or flower borders, is cheering.

The publication of Mr. André Simon's long-awaited *Concise Encyclopædia of Gastronomy* (Collins, 42s.) is an event which, I think, will mark this year for English lovers of food and wine for some time to come, for nothing of comparable importance in this field has happened since 1861, the year of Mrs. Beeton's first appearance in print. It comprises nine parts, which have been published independently but are now revised, and it has been in the making since 1938. It must have needed courage and a strong sense of proportion in Mr. Simon to persist in this most civilised task during these years, and the result is beyond praise. No one interested in good living, even if his knowledge is at second-hand, can afford to exist without it.

Scarcely less necessary, though for a handy place in the kitchen rather than for the reference shelf, is *Home Cooking*, by Hilda M. Whitlow (Country Life; 18s.). This book has the excellence of being comprehensive without being diffuse. Unlike Mrs. Beeton, the author does not give half-a-dozen slightly differing ways of doing everything; she gives one, and that usually the best. Miss Whitlow does not confuse us with dietetics, nor get in a flap about proteins and carbo-hydrates, she does not gush about "olde Englyshe" regional dishes, she does not rely on a bogus Gallicism. She has produced a complete cookery book which is always sound and practical and frequently inspired.

Mr. Ambrose Heath's new book, *Fare Wisely and Well* (Ward Lock; 15s.), is not quite so wide in scope—it does not include, for instance, instructions on bottling and preserving, but it is a valuable book, combining originality with classicism in a way which most cooks, experienced or otherwise, will find extremely useful.

A NEW book by the late Florence White, who founded the English Folk Cookery Association, is another event for discriminating cooks. There is nothing arty or "quaint" about her collection of recipes, some of which are from old English cookery books and others regional. *Good English Food* (Cape; 12s. 6d.) is her title, and the book lives up to it. On herbs she is particularly enlightening, giving credit to certain undeservedly neglected culinary herbs like

Mr. André Simon, whose *Concise Encyclopædia of Gastronomy* (Collins; 42s.) is reviewed on this page.

Burnet and Marjoram and suggesting uses for them.

Finally, a first-rate book of Austrian recipes: *The Viennese Cookery Book*, by Irma Rhode (Lehmann; 12s. 6d.). The author speaks nostalgically of the former cuisine of Vienna, "a potpourri of the best cooking from Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome, the best food with the best wines, partaken of to the gayest music Europe had ever known." She shows how the food at least can still be enjoyed.

Two cookery books for men, *The Man in the Kitchen*, by Malcolm LaPrade (Muller; 12s. 6d.), and a welcome reprint of Wilson Midgley's *Cookery for Men Only* (Chaterson; 5s.) are, perhaps, a sign of the times. Mr. LaPrade is witty and discursive, Mr. Midgley is a king of improvisation who is concerned with making the best of what may be found in the larder.

Swedish Food (World's Work; 21s.) is, I am afraid, a luxury book, both in itself and its subject-matter, but one of great enticement. *Food and Flowers*, by Brenda Girvin (Studio; 12s. 6d.), concentrates on the presentation of a number of delicious-looking dishes, and *One Hundred Ways of Cooking Without Meat*, by Lettice M. Pither (Pitman; 4s.), gives just what it promises. *Jewish Cookery*, by Leah W. Leonard (Deutsch; 18s.), opens a wide prospect to anyone who is unacquainted with the delectable things produced in Kosher kitchens. It is authoritative and cosmopolitan. *The Penguin Cookery Book*, by Bee Nilson (Penguin Books; 4s.), is another astonishingly complete handbook in which, wisely, the author has a special chapter of recipes for "the more experienced cook."

I would not wish to suggest that two books on dieting are necessary as antidotes to these appetising volumes. *Diet Does It*, by Gayelord Hauser (Faber; 15s.), is, in fact, a cookery book in itself and Dr. Hauser is no spoil-sport, while Dr. Stephen Taylor, the author of *Fats and Figures* (Deutsch; 6s.), claims that there is no reason why we should not laugh and grow thin.

THIS spring's gardening books are no less varied. There is, first of all, a new volume in the series of which *The Studio* is publishing one each year. This one is *Hardy Plants* (Studio; 18s.). It is edited by F. A. Mercer and Roy Hay, and has specialist contributions on irises, delphiniums, pæonies, carnations, Michaelmas daisies, ferns, and so on, and excellent photographs both of individual plants and broad effects.

Wider in scope is a new general handbook, *The Flower Garden*, by E. R. Janes (Penguin; 3s. 6d.), in which the author has the courage to champion the momentarily unfashionable annuals, saying most truly of them: "Do not underrate them. They are simple, can be grown simply, and do not cost much, but this does not imply that they are inferior or in any way to be despised. On the contrary, they include some of the most perfectly-formed flowers known and almost every conceivable colour and shade is represented. They are particularly rich in flame, orange and delicate buff shades . . . and shades of all the primary colours exist in hundreds. For making a border of deliberate design they are admirable, and for covering an odd piece of ground effectively and rapidly they are unsurpassed."

Even Mr. Richard Sudell, in *The Labour-Saving Garden* (Ward Lock; 9s. 6d.), does not spurn annuals, or anything else that a gardener wants to grow, but shows in a sensible undidactic way how to go about the work of making the garden of one's choice without unnecessary labour. A very wise and useful little book, this.

MORE specialised are *Wild Flowers in the Garden*, by Walter T. Ingwersen (Bles; 16s.), *Grapes Under Cloches*, by Edward Hyams (Faber; 12s. 6d.), *The A.B.C. of Cloche Gardening*, by W. E. Shewell-Cooper (English Universities Press; 6s.), and *Uncommon Vegetables and Fruits*, by Eleanour Rohde (Country Life; 8s. 6d.). Mr. Ingwersen has a difficult task, for he shows, only too eloquently, what wild flowers can be brought into the garden and at the same time pleads for them to be left undisturbed in their natural surroundings. On all the lovely species of English wild orchids, for instance, he says nothing except to "beg and pray" the reader to leave them "to the downs, meadows and woodlands which they grace in ever-diminishing frequency with their rare beauty and quaintness. Very, very few of our most skilled amateur gardeners make even a passing success of their cultivation, and I consider it sheer murder to dig them up and bring them into the garden." Mr. Hyams is an enthusiast, and one of the purposes of his book is "that of helping to restore to some extent the lamentably neglected practice of vine-cultivation in England." He is so unconsciously persuasive in his severely practical treatise that he seems likely to succeed. Mr. Shewell-Cooper is an enthusiast, too, of the cloche rather than of the vine. He recommends it as a means of increasing production, and is thoroughly explicit on the use of it. Miss Rohde writes of such rarities and delights as Blue Coco Beans, Calabrese, Couve Tronchuda, Finocchio, Okra, Pe-tsai, Cocozelle and Black Strawberries. She also gives recipes for dishes to be made from them.

More Pictures with Flowers, by Julia Clements (Pearson; 10s. 6d.), is a collection of photographs of flower arrangements by the author and by amateur exhibitors. Some of these are in the present American fashion.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 14.—Lady Lee was ill on the day of her cocktail party at Claridge's, so Mrs. King, her niece by marriage, deputised for her. The party was to meet Alice Sloane Anderson, the American painter, and among people there were her cousin, the Dowager Lady Gainsborough, who brought her daughter, Lady Dormer; Lady Tweedsmuir, tall, fair and dressed in black with a diamond clip in her little velvet hat; Rosamund John (straight from *The Dragon's Mouth*) with her husband Mr. John Silkin, Lord Silkin's son; Mrs. George Eyston; Lady Ashton, wearing a delicious brooch of a coral hand clutching a black flower, and Sir Leigh Ashton.

Mrs. Anderson's paintings are mostly of her home state, New Mexico, where the pink adobe houses are made of straw and mud, in the old biblical and Egyptian way.

MAY 16.—Close-up, the replicas of the sixth- and seventh-century Ravenna Mosaics make a rousing exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, where they will be on view until June 22. The entire panel of the Empress Theodora and her suite is there, down from its lofty church to make a personal appearance: the originals have been reproduced by modern craftsmen.

At the Marlborough Gallery are modest little examples of the work of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French masters, including some of Fantin-Latour's safely decorative flower pieces.

MAY 17.—The Mendip point-to-point was put off for a fortnight because of bad weather; always one of the last, it had quite an exotic out-of-season atmosphere in Saturday's sunbathing weather, and one girl in the paddock was wearing a beach dress.

The course is at Nedge, near Wells, and people came from all directions. Lord and Lady Waldegrave from Chewton and Lady Wills from Blagdon had large parties of friends on their wagons; Sir Charles Hobhouse came with his sister, Mrs. Money-Coutts, whose husband rode in the first race; among others were Lady Guesterbock, Mrs. Buller-Popham and Miss Mountstevens.

Mrs. Bridget Clowes, who won the Ladies' Race on *Caesar IV.* last year despite a broken rein and missing stirrup, was going well when her mount ran out at the last fence; Mr. Crawshay Bailey's *Royal Prince*, from the South and West Wilts, was the winner. There were only four runners in the Open race, which was won by Mr. Fear on *Hungry Hill*, with Mrs. John Watney's *Fearless Imp* a very close second. Major Kenneth Wallis was the starter and Lady Waldegrave presented the cups.

MAY 14.—COLLECTING INVITATIONS. Lady Dierdre Hare at a cocktail party given for her by her mother, Lady Listowel.

MAY 16.—OLYMPICS FUND BALL. The County of Surrey Ball in aid of the Olympics fund was at Dorking Halls. *L. to r.*, Mr. Richard Tyler; Miss Dorothy Tyler; Mr. C. V. Aavold.

MAY 16.—SCOTTISH WEDDING. Lord Southesk, of Kinnaird Castle, Angus, married Mrs. Ion Campbell, widow of Major Ion Campbell.

MAY 17.—PILOT PRINCE. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was pilot of the 'plane in which he flew to Glasgow to address 2000 boys at the Boys' Brigade Rally.

MAY 17.—WINNERS OF THE TYRO CUP. The Duke of Edinburgh was one of the players in the winning Cowdray Park team, and is holding the cup with Lord Cowdray. *Left*, Colonel Geoff Phipps-Hornby. *Right*, Lieut.-Colonel P. W. Dollar.

MAY 17.—HORSEMANSHIP AT ALDERSHOT. At the Modern Pentathlon Association championships were, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Van Der Noot, Lady Katherine Dawnay and her son, Officer Cadet Hugh Dawnay.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 17.—COLDSTREAM GUARD OF HONOUR. Mr. Fergus Matheson, son of General Sir Torquil and Lady Elizabeth Matheson, married Miss Jean Willoughby, daughter of Lord and Lady Middleton, at Birdsall Parish Church, Yorkshire. The bridegroom is in the Coldstream Guards.

MAY 20.—CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. Most of the day was fine, but rain threatened the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the morning. *On the right* is Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who took a great interest in the Show.

MAY 20.—The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, all went to Chelsea Flower Show on the morning of the first day. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, was shown round the Spanish Garden by the Marquesa de Casa Valdes, who conceived the idea which has been carried out by the Sociedad de Amigos del Paisaje y Jardines, Madrid. The Marquesa has been supervising the making of the garden, which is based on the Arab one of the Generalife at Granada. It is surrounded by tall white-washed walls with a Moorish cornice and red pantiles ; inside are fountains, glazed Spanish tiles, plants and flowers ; all can be peered at through the iron gates and grilles which everyone associates with Old Spain and its customs.

In the afternoon, a huge crowd of people, many of them up from the country to make notes for their own gardens, prowled the gangways of the Big Top beneath which most of the exhibits are cunningly laid out—watery glades of irises, thickly blossoming roses, flowers of all kinds in flood. Stalking briskly round, neat black kid gloves doubled in his hands behind him, was M. Massigli, the French Ambassador.

MAY 21.—In Paris Miss Nancy Mitford gave a splendid cocktail party in honour of the French edition of *The Blessing*. She has an eighteenth-century house in the Rue Monsieur, and the party was as gay as a chunk out of one of her books, because she had invited both her critics and her friends, who include the amused multitude of her victims.

The heat-wave was on and the shady garden was a refuge for the guests. Lady Diana Cooper was there ; Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley—she is one of Miss Mitford's sisters—Comte and Comtesse Philippe de Rothschild ; and Comte de Pange, the specialist on Franco-German affairs, with his wife, who is a sister of the Duc de Broglie and a descendant of Mme. de Stael. Friends from England included Mr. Harold Nicolson, who had lectured on Swinburne and Baudelaire at the Sorbonne the night before ; Mr. Anthony Powell, Mr. Peter de Polnay and Mr. John Russell.

Another guest, whose services to French literature have been rewarded with the Legion d'Honneur, was Miss Violet Trefusis. Having grown up in the polished literary society of Proustian times, she can write as well in French as in English. French writing was represented by the novelists André Bey and Gérard Boutelleau ; and by Count Antonini, Gilbert Sigaux and Marcel Schneider, all critics on the *Table Ronde*, the most important literary review since the war : also by André Bourin, Jeanine Delpech, Baronne de Labaume, critic of the *Revue de Paris* ; Albert Marie Schmidt, and many authors of the younger generation, including Jean Louis Bory, who won the Prix de Goncourt in 1945 with *Mon Village à l'heure Allemande*, one of the first French novels to reach England after the war ; and Pierre de Boisdeffre, last year's laureate of the Grand Prix de la Critique.

MAY 20.—CONFERENCE. Mrs. Winston Churchill greeting Lord Woolton at the annual Conference of the Women's National Advisory Committee of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations.

MAY 21.—OPENING CEREMONY. The Duchess of Kent, escorted by the Mayor of Battersea, at Nine Elms, where she opened the new coal-unloading plant and works canteen of the North Thames Gas Board.

Mme. de Cailleux, who under the name of Daria Olivier translated first *The Pursuit of Love* and then *The Blessing*, was, of course, at the christening of her second god-child. *Ce Cher Ange* is the name she has chosen for Miss Mitford's "awful child."

MAY 22.—In Kensington there was a party in one of the little old houses that date from the days when the borough was a village; their back windows look on a patchwork of gardens, with a good many cats popping and peering over the walls.

Lady Shrewsbury brought her niece, Miss Venetia Heber-Percy, who was wearing a very smart dress she got in Spain; Lady Oranmore and Browne came with Mrs. Maurice Richardson, who was amusing about the delights of Woman's Hour, the B.B.C.'s daily soother for fretful housewives; Mr. Maurice Richardson, crime book expert among other things, was there too; Lord Faringdon, just back from abroad, is often the lucky recipient of boxes of English chocolates from Africa: a mellowing journey for them, like sherry going round the Horn. Mrs. William King showed Lady Shrewsbury her bracelet hung with unique seals, all of them heads or busts of negroes; Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hyde talked to Mrs. Isobel Strachey, the novelist, whose attractive black hat had an enormous circular brim. Mr. Kieran Tunney, the playwright, left with Mrs. Ghislane Alexander, who had a holiday in Nassau in the spring; Mrs. Oliver Beckett, looking well and sun-browned in brightest white, was joined by her husband, who said that *Tulyar* was his choice for the Derby: nippy on corners, which counts a lot at Epsom, and classically bred. Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson, who has shed his beard for the summer, had been admiring the Ravenna Mosaics; Mr. Michael Wallis had just got back from Cornwall.

Also on May 22 there was a party at 44, Upper Grosvenor Street for Miss Tess d'Erlanger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger; and Lady Arabella Stuart, Lady Moray's younger daughter, and sister of Lady Mary Anne Byng and Lady Sarah Mills.

A dance is being given on Friday (June 6) for Miss d'Erlanger at Mereworth Castle, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Tree, who were left it by Mr. Peter Beatty. Lots of parties are going to the dance from London and the neighbourhood, and Tess d'Erlanger is going to wear a wonderful dress given her by Mainbocher, for whom she worked for a time in New York.

MAY 24.—The exhibition of art treasures, which are to be on view until September, opened at Chatsworth, where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire live with their children. The Duchess was Miss Deborah Mitford, the youngest of Lord Redesdale's five daughters and a sister of the famous novelist. The Devonshire art treasures make an amazing collection of objects of every kind; the four greatest treasures are the Bronze Head of Apollo, cast about 475 B.C.; the Saxon manuscript, known as the Benediction of St. Aethelwold, Bishop of Winchester from A.D. 963 to A.D. 984, for whom it was written and illuminated; the Triptych painted by Memling for Sir John Donne; and Holbein's Cartoon for his portrait of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. An interesting point about the famous Triptych is that it illustrates the tendency in the past to regard all portraits as family ones—as the Triptych passed, by marriages, from family to family, the figures were first re-named Lord and Lady Clifford, and later Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, Lord Shrewsbury being the fourth husband of a former Lady Devonshire.

MAY 21.—LEAFY BANNISTER. M. Auriol, President of France, and Mme. Auriol at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs at the Palais de Chaillot, in Paris.

MAY 22.—CONFLICTING CLOCKS. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, looking at some of the clocks, all saying different times, at the opening of an exhibition at the Science Museum.

MAY 22.—CHATSWORTH. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire had a party at Chatsworth before the opening of the exhibition of their art treasures. Here are their children, Lord Hartingdon and Lady Emma Cavendish.

MAY 24.—BROMPTON ORATORY WEDDING. Mr. Christopher Robert Hull, nephew of Mr. Richard Stokes, formerly Lord Privy Seal, married Miss Cecilia Mary Pollen, a niece of Lord Revelstoke. The bride's gown is made from Venetian point lace.

MAY 26.—LUNCHEON AT COWDRAY PARK. To mark the official opening of the polo season there was a luncheon at Cowdray Park. Among people at it were, *l. to r.*, across the two pictures, Mr. Peter Dacre, Mr. Billy Wallace; Lord Barnaby and Rao Raja Hanut Singh, who played for the Polo Cottage team later; the Duke of Edinburgh played for Cowdray Park.

MAY 26.—LORD COWDRAY, GUESTS AND DAUGHTER. *L. to r.*, Mrs. Jupp, and Miss Joan Gilbert of T.V. talking to Lord Cowdray. *Right:* His youngest daughter, Mrs. John Lakin, who played for the Piper's Hill team.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 27.—Girls were the theme of the giant cocktail-party given at Claridge's by Mrs. Thomas Lilley and Mrs. Lees-Milne for their daughters, the Misses Patricia Cottingham and Clarissa Chaplin, but there were plenty of parents, and grandparents too, to watch and supervise the fledglings who chirped and fluttered gamely. Some bold ones were feeling the pinch of their first ear-rings; few of those presented last year dared dispense with these acknowledged sophistication-aids; young men pulled proudly at new Old Etonian and Old Wykehamist ties.

Lady Dufferin, blonde and splendid in black, is giving a dance on July 16 for the coming-out of Lady Perdita Blackwood and the coming-of-age of Lady Caroline. Lady Arabella Stuart, very fair and fragile, was in darkest navy blue, a colour much chosen by, or for, the girls. Lord and Lady Tarbat brought Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, who wore a delightful little spangled veil; Lady Listowel brought her daughter, Lady Dierdre Hare; Mrs. Neilson, whose big dance for her daughter, Miss Sarah Chester-Beatty, is on June 16, looked very pretty under her big black hat; Mrs. Walter Sale, whose husband, Brigadier Walter Sale, is Chief of Staff to the G.O.C. London District, had brought their pretty little daughter Miss Caroline Sale; Mrs. Samuelson, who manages to be a writer as well as a mother, is bringing out Miss Philippa Samuelson; Lord Vivian, ex-dance band leader, impresario and brother of Lady Bath, was there with his lovely daughter Miss Sally Ann Vivian; Miss Davina Merry, a very pretty débutante of last year, wore large and glittering ear-rings; Miss Rosemary Parker, well to the fore this year, was, like most of the girls, without a hat; another among the hundreds was Miss Caroline Spencer.

People representing the literary and artistic world included Mr. Francis Wyndham, Mr. Geoffrey Houghton-Brown and Mr. Roger Fleming; Mr. Derek Stanley Smith appeared, looking extremely fit after a spell in the London Clinic; Lady Hammond-Graeme, who for years organised the Queen Charlotte's ball, was there to look over the newest generation; Mr. John Churchill, in a curly beard, brought his pretty wife; Princess Vladimir Galitzine wore a smart and pronounced version of the hat known as East to West; Lady Hélène Berry brought Miss Mary Anne Berry; Mr. Robert Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's son, came with his wife; Lady Dashwood descended in a cloud of black and midnight feathers.

MAY 28.—So *Tulyar* won the Derby—see May 22!

MAY 28.—THE DERBY. Among people at Epsom who saw *Tulyar* win, despite the hard going he is known to dislike, were, on the *left*, Mrs. Stephen Raphael; *centre*, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks with Sir Louis Greig. On the *right* Prince Aly Khan leads in his father's horse, Charlie Smirke up.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A COUNTESS IN CABARET

Mila Raymon, who is, in her own right, the Countess Mila von Sternberg, breathes metaphorical fire into her work as concert, film, radio, T.V. and cabaret performer. She was born in Prague and got her tiny clutches on a violin at the age of three; gave her first concert two years later and at nine was soloist with the Talisch Philharmonic Orchestra. Going right ahead on these fabulous lines she gave over 500 classical concerts in Europe, and embarked on straight acting—at fifteen—before going to the U.S., where she made several films and established her "sizzling" cabaret act. She arrived here on May 22, appropriately encumbered with white mink and a wardrobe and jewellery to match, to sizzle at Ciro's with her Strad.

Rose (Barbara Jefford) tells Sir William (Harcourt Williams) how his sword should hang.

AT THE THEATRE . .

Miss Trafalgar (Jean Cadell), Charles (Lionel Jeffries), Sir William (Harcourt Williams), Clara (Gillian Howell), De Foenix (Peter Martin). Sir William is exhorting De Foenix to exercise "his intelligence this evening to its furthest limit."

★ First Choice ★

TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

SOME of my respected colleagues have been, I believe, what in Cornwall we call "teasy" about Pinero's play. But I hold still that, in its best passages, it is a comedy of vast charm; and there is one scene of pathos to excite any listener with a sense of the theatre. If the revival does not cling to the memory as firmly as it should, this, I think, is because the producer has worked too hard on the first act. By now, it may be going better.

That act passes in theatrical lodgings in Clerkenwell during the early 1860's. The members of the Sadler's Wells Company (no longer disguised as Bagnigge Wells) are saying good-bye to Rose Trelawny, the most endeared "juvenile lady" at the theatre for years. She has become engaged to the grandson of Sir William Gower, and she is off to Cavendish Square in a carriage. Before this there is the party; it was here, at the première, that something went wrong with the production, which seemed to be fussed and confused. All was much better in the second act (with Jean Cadell's Miss Trafalgar, the essence of gentility). The third, thanks largely to Harcourt Williams's miraculous performance of the old Vice-Chancellor, might have pleased even Pinero.

The playing sags when it is most self-conscious. Thus, Shaun Glenville (the green-grocer-waiter), Alfie Bass (the low comedian) and Kenneth Connor (Pantheon stage-manager) force too determinedly. Never mind: I shall remember this *Trelawny* for half-a-dozen other performances of excellence. Harcourt Williams, with his blow-lamp intensity and true, quick pathos, is entirely right as the testy Sir William, turned in a moment from tyrant to confederate. He manages beautifully the passage in which he wears Kean's Order and handles Kean's sword, and here Barbara Jefford's Rose blossoms. We should not be lofty about this glance at the Theatre Theatrical: Pinero was a craftsman, and so is Harcourt Williams. Yvonne Mitchell has the proper swoop for Avonia, the soubrette, delighting in that third act entrance "in the dress of a burlesque prince." She can handle, too, the scene with Ferdinand Gadd when the Romeo and Orlando of the Wells decides, after all, to play Demon of Discontent in the pantomime on the strength of its good lines. "Ferdy," says Avonia, "this ain't so bad:

> I'm Discontent! from Orkney's isle to Dover
> To make men's bile bile-over I endover . . ."

Pinero knew his mid-Victorian pantomimes.

Milton Rosmer and Dorothy Green, as the Telfers, are red plush and mock marble, the "gipsies" of a dying race; and Ronald Howard's straightforward attack commends us to Tom Wrench, the dramatist, who is quite plainly T. W. Robertson, of *Caste*. *Trelawny*—and here is part of its appeal to theatre-folk—is more than a comedy about period snobbishness, about an actress unacceptable in the drawing-rooms of the West End because she and her kind are rogues-and-vagabonds. It is also an affectionate picture of the coming of the realistic play to the theatre; of naturalism that would have nothing of booming and fustian, and preferred the speeches, "so line-y, so very line-y," into which actors of the old school could not set their teeth. Mark the dialogue between the Telfers at the beginning of the last act:

> "*And so this new-fangled stuff, and these dandified people, are to push us, and such as us, from our stools.*"
>
> "*Yes, James, just as some other new fashion will, in course of time, push* them *from their stools.*"

The only unfortunate thing in *Trelawny* is the text of Tom Wrench's comedy of *Life*, which we hear in Pantheon rehearsal at the end; it is hardly an advertisement for Robertson.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

★ Also Chosen ★

DRAGON'S MOUTH

(Winter Garden)

AS I came from the first recital of this "dramatic quartet," I found myself saying firmly—in an effort at self-persuasion—"Most impressive. Most." But, ten minutes later, I was asking myself whether I had, indeed, been so impressed; and the Demon of Discontent has been gnawing me ever since. There is no grumble about the quality of the writing: the names of J. B. Priestley and Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes, the collaborators, should be enough. But I am sorry that the piece was not fashioned as a play instead of an unusual form of conversation-piece. "Where it succeeds," claims Mr. Priestley, "it brings the audience much closer in spirit to the characters and their situation. Nor is this really new, for in its relation to the audience and its free use of an oratorical style, it is in fact returning to one of the oldest conventions of the Drama."

The four people in the Winter Garden "morality", are Michael Denison, who represents Intellect; Dulcie Gray, who is Sensuousness; Rosamund John, who is Emotionalism; and Norman Wooland, who is the Will. They are ranged in a row, looking over the rail of a yacht. Four people, four stools, a rope: here we are. Everything is left to the voice, to the theatre of debate. There is a filament of plot: Mr. Priestley and Mrs. Hawkes offer a good reason why, in the second half of the evening, the people should become introspective, bare their souls for us. Much of the discussion is finely-phrased, and the speakers have a matching art (their task is by no means simple). But I find myself wishing now that the piece had been written as a normal stage-play; that the authors had not rejected the Theatre Theatrical. The "quartet," a brave experiment, fades in the mind already, while every moment of, say, *The Linden Tree* is clear in recollection. I must always prefer the inter-play of the Lindens to this free use of an Oratorical Style.

SWEET MADNESS

(Vaudeville)

IT is the story of a rich and exasperating young man who, so to speak, ordered a wife from his psychiatrist. The order, in business jargon, would have read: "Kindly despatch one Psychological Complement, and oblige . . ." The girl, under the impression that she was engaged as a secretary, turned up at the flat in St. James's and proved to be a childlike and bland charmer with a trick of murmuring "Golly!" and of opening her eyes very wide. Clearly, she could not be the Psychological Complement desired. Later on the first night we learned the reason for her appearance. It mattered very little, for we knew instinctively that she and Valentine Crisp must be in each other's arms at the final curtain.

Peter Jones's play, good-tempered and dangerously thin (especially in a second act that wavers and wanders), depends upon its decoration: upon Geraldine MacEwan's Fourth Form voice, upon Martin Miller's eleventh-hour arrival as a psychiatrist in trouble (because his own psychiatrist is on holiday), upon Robin Bailey's light cynicism, and upon a butler (Laurence Naismith) who buys a mansion in Shropshire. All of these are helpful: and Richard Attenborough, as the dull young man at the centre of things, works with enthusiasm and even stands on his head, a position popular in these days with leading men. The play was called originally *Song of the Centipede*, which I think is a better title. The male centipede, it seems, goes to great trouble to sing a love-song to the female, not knowing that the female is invariably deaf. You will learn for yourselves how that applies to the present comedy.

In the *DRAGON'S MOUTH. Top, left:* Dulcie Gray; *top, right:* Michael Denison; *bottom, left:* Norman Wooland; *bottom, right:* Rosamund John.

Present and Future

JOHN GIELGUD'S production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which leaves the Phœnix on August 2, will then have had the comedy's longest West End run on record. The new play at the Phœnix is to be Noël Coward's *Quadrille*, which, author-directed, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (and Cecil Beaton scenery and costumes), opens during the second week in September. Another September production will be Dodie Smith's *Letter From Paris*, her first play since *Dear Octopus* before the war. Brenda Bruce acts in this for Tennents, and Peter Glenville directs.

NORTHWARD

In coming plays we look to the North. To-night (June 4), for example, *Hobson's Choice*, Harold Brighouse's Lancashire comedy, is revived at the Arts Theatre Club, with David Bird as Hobson. Next Tuesday (June 10) Sir Ralph Richardson and Margaret Leighton take us to Inverness, Forres, and Dunsinane in the Gielgud production of *Macbeth* at Stratford-upon-Avon. And on the following night (June 11) Wilfred Pickles arrives at the Piccadilly Theatre in *The Gay Dog*, which is a comedy by Joseph Colton—as I remember from a "Q" Theatre production—about racing greyhounds in County Durham. Wallace Douglas produces. The sole departure from the North is this afternoon (June 4), when there is an ambitious amateur revival of Hugh Ross Williamson's splendid portrait-play, *Queen Elizabeth*, in the Tithe Barn at Buckland Abbey, Devon, for the West Country Writers' Congress.

ALL THE WINNERS

We have mentioned the current Arts play. London owes a great deal to Alec Clunes, who has just completed his tenth year as Theatre Director of the Arts—a decade during which 132 plays have been presented there, and theatre membership has leapt from 200 to 25,000. When a theatre stages *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, well over thirty long and short plays of Bernard Shaw (including *Back To Methuselah*), and the first West End production of work by Fry and Ustinov, we can only stand and cheer.

MURDER

There is a sudden wave of crime on the West End stage. The billow is now reaching the Westminster, where Frederick Knott's *Dial M for Murder*—already a success on television—is to open on June 19, following *The Trial of Mr. Pickwick*.

GETTING AROUND

Knights of Madness leaves the Victoria Palace on Saturday (June 7) after its 1,363rd performance. The Crazy Gang will return to London during the autumn. . . . *Henry the Sixth: Part Three* will run at the Old Vic for two weeks (not three) from July 21. . . . Valerie Hanson (for her Marionetta in *Nightmare Abbey*) and Paul Rogers (for his William Villon in *The Other Heart*) have won the Clarence Derwent awards of £50, made annually to the actor and actress deemed to have given the performances of the year in supporting parts. . . . The New Torch Theatre Club contemplates a late-night revue in mid-June.

The Bath Assembly

Pump Room Bal Masque

Mrs. J. Applegate and Mr. F. G. Spence, joint producers of the Bath Operatic Society: behind them a lit-up model of the Roman Bath as it originally looked; tessellated pavement beneath.

The Roman ancestry of Bath was the main theme for this year's Assembly, of which the Pump Room Bal Masque is the social peak. About 100 of the 750 guests went in for the fancy-dress competition, in which the emphasis was on Rome, with the first prize for the best Roman Emperor, complete with head-dress. The winner of the first prize for women was dressed as Cleopatra, and carried a live snake in a basket.

Our photographs show the lovely old Pump Room and some of the guests in togas, casques and powdered wigs. Geraldo's band played and it was one of the best-attended and gayest parties for years.

Classically grouped on the classical steps of the Roman bath are, *l. to r.*, Mr. James Grout, Mrs. David Russell, Mrs. Wintle, Miss Barbara Le-Hunt and Mr. David Russell. Some of these clothes were worn for the filming of *Quo Vadis*.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Mrs. Webb, with Dr. Thomas, of Cardiff. Attention to authentic detail is evident in their clothes and hair. Her blobby, dangling seals and straying pearls would be attractive jewellery ideas at any time.

Dressed for Rowlandson's "rowdy" period are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. H. W. Matthews, Mrs. R. Hatteras, Mr. H. W. Matthews and Mr. R. Hatteras in the Pump Room so often depicted by the caricaturist.

Clanking with Roman splendour, Mr. Philip Chapell, Mrs. Lea and Mr. Lea stand by an ancient arch with the head of the famous King's Spring behind them. The standard of the costumes entered for the competition was very high.

Mr. Van Eedon and Miss Stevens resting beside a beautifully decorated sedan chair and looking like characters straight out of Sheridan.

(Continued overleaf.)

The Bath Assembly (Contd.)

Geraldo (*bottom, left*) smiles up at the camera as he conducts his band, which played for the ball. Plenty of people wore ordinary evening clothes, but most of them conformed to the idea of the Bal Masque, even if they wore their masks rather high.

Mr. H. J. Kendall, Mr. Rosaberry, the Mayor of Bath ; his daughter, Miss Mary Rosaberry, and Mr. Norman Wills.

Miss Philippa Key as Queen Boadicea, with Mr. Gerald Deacon as her conqueror, Consol Suetonius Paulinus.

A cheerful party underneath the arches : *l. to r.*, Mr. Reade, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Davies, Mr. Selby and Mrs. Selby.

A "new-world" party : *l. to r.*, Mrs. Howard Coles, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. A. Evans and Dr. Howard Coles.

The Earl of Bective, Miss Petal Maconochie, Miss Pamela Hill, Mr. Marcus Worsley (*standing*); Miss Janet Wilson-Wright, Mr. Philip Barnes (*standing*), Mr. Oliver Barnes and Miss Marion Maconochie.

Mrs. Lucas (*sitting*); Mr. Lucas, Mrs. Whittaker, Mr. Whittaker, who is chief engineer of the Baths; Mr. and Mrs. Seaman. They are beneath the Gorgon's Head, part of the Great Temple of Sulis.

L. to r., Mr. Evan Morgan, Mrs. Reade, Mr. M. C. Horsley, Mrs. Horsley, Mrs. Evan Morgan, Mr. C. J. Harris and Mrs. G. Campbell.

Judging head-dresses: *l. to r.*, Mrs. Rosaberry, Mayoress of Bath, Miss Patricia Laffan, Miss Winifred Jackson and Miss Helena Jeffers.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

THOSE of us who prefer our cinema entertainment to be adult, at least sometimes, have reason to be grateful to television this week. Had it not been for the recent success, by TV's drama department, of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, it is probable that we should never have seen the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's great tragedy. The film was made four years ago, in America, but its subject-matter so startled The Trade, that conservative industry, that it was hidden away from public view and kept there, until the B.B.C. proved that audiences could take it without undue shock.

Nobody can deny that the subject-matter of *Mourning Becomes Electra* is adult. Eugene O'Neill has modelled his play about the fall of the house of Mannon on the lines of the Greek trilogy, the *Oresteia*, which was no nursery tale, as you may remember. The sort of twisted family passions and unnatural relationships that are not generally discussed nowadays in polite society are freely outlined, and the whole thing is a massive monument to death and doom.

The Mannons are the first family of a small New England seaport, at the time of the American Civil War. Their great white house, with its portrait gallery and columned façade, is a showplace and a mystery: "a house built out of hate, hate for their own flesh-and-blood." Terrible things happen in the vast rooms, behind its sliding doors. "They don't want nobody to guess their secrets. . . . Everyone in town knows the Mannon look. They even put it on their wives, like a mask."

The master of the house, like Agamemnon, is murdered by his wife (Christine) and her lover on his return from the wars. The daughter of the house, Lavinia, who has always loved her father as excessively as she hates her mother, bends her mind to revenge. She so works on the jealousy of the son of the house, Orin, who has an unnatural passion for his mother, that he goes out and shoots the lover, a sea-captain, in the cabin of his clipper. On hearing this news, from her son's own lips, the monstrous Christine-Clytemnestra commits suicide. Whereupon the doom of the Mannons passes to her two terrible children. Orin transfers his unnatural love to his sister. Haunted by remorse and frustrated passion, he then shoots himself. Only Lavinia is left in the desolate white mansion, determined to "live alone with the dead, and keep their secrets, and let them hound me, until the curse is paid out. . . ."

This lurid work loses nothing of its shocking impact in the translation to the screen by producer-director Dudley Nichols. It is very long (just under three hours), but never relaxes its grip on our attention. The camera-work is superb, with a wonderfully cold, pure quality. The sound-track I thought extra-fine, with that most stirring of all sea-shanties, "Shenandoah," used to strong and eerie purpose.

The standard of the acting varies. The highest honours, to my mind, go to Raymond Massey, as the murdered father, and to Michael Redgrave, as the tortuous and tortured Orin. Rosalind Russell, as Lavinia, looks beautiful and chill as ever; the part may not entirely fit her, but mourning certainly becomes her. Leo Genn, as the sea-captain lover, seemed to me not entirely easy, particularly in his love-scenes with his ageing Clytemnestra.

The choice of Katina Patinoux for the Christine-Clytemnestra rôle perplexes me. Why pick on a foreigner for a part so indigenously American? They surely cannot have selected her because she is a *Greek* actress? That would seem to be carrying parallelism with the original to the point of absurdity. Mme Patinoux can be a fine performer, as we have learnt from past films, and she has a screen personality full of fire and authority. But neither her voice nor her face fully conform to the description given of them in the text, and several times she seemed to weaken a great scene by tearing a passion to tatters.

THE best thing about the British film, *Brandy for the Parson*, is its title.

> Five-and-twenty ponies trotting through the dark,
> Brandy for the parson, baccy for the clerk.

It is difficult to catch even this hint of the old smuggling poem without a stir of excitement.

I wish the picture—a small one, made on a modest budget by a new company called Group Three—could have lived up to the promise of its title. I don't say that it won't be liked, because I think it will be. I only suggest that it would have been liked even more had it been made better.

The story is about a young engaged couple (James Donald and Jean Lodge) who bump (quite literally) into a smuggler (Kenneth More) on a yachting holiday. Having sunk his boat, they feel obliged to take him aboard theirs. And when they learn that he is trying to run fourteen barrels of undeclared brandy from the French coast to London, by way of a port that looks remarkably like Salcombe, they think it would be rather fun to lend a hand. So they do, and manage to hoodwink the authorities, with the aid of seven ponies borrowed from a travelling circus and the goodwill of fine old English gentlemen encountered en route.

Brandy for the Parson has its points. The pictures of the English countryside are soothing and delightful. Some of the small character parts are as good as they can be. There are neat fancies—the recruitment, for instance, of a troop of Boy Scouts to carry the brandy as their good deed for the day, at a bob a barrel. And personally, I find it almost impossible to resist James Donald when he comes through with his big, radiant, impish smile. I only wish he had been allowed to use it oftener. I wish, too, that they had dressed their actors in more photogenic costumes. (Too many stripes, far too many speckles.) Most of all, I wish they had kept a tighter hand on the alleged comic dialogue, which tends to run to cracks such as: "You've scraped my bottom." "Madame, *please*." The fault is not so much that these jokes are poor ones, as that they don't seem to chime with the special humour of a story that derives its title from Kipling, and its situations from a line of thought that seems both educated and whimsical.

THE French have come up with another bright one in *Lady Paname*, the last film but one of the late, lamented Louis Jouvet. The title is an affectionate synonym for Paris; the story a comedy of the old Faubourg St. Martin, the Tin-Pan Alley of the 1920's.

The heroine, Caprice, played by Suzy Delair with a calf-eyed blonde charm, has been born and bred on the boulevard, where every other building is a music-hall, a café-concert or just a café. Caprice, who esteems herself to be a singer, is waiting for her big chance. Her elderly friend Bagnolet (Louis Jouvet), the eccentric photographer of local christenings, engagements, weddings and funerals, advises her to find a signature tune, a "song of your own that will really make you someone." "Discover a song," says the shrewd old Bohemian, "and then *you'll* be discovered."

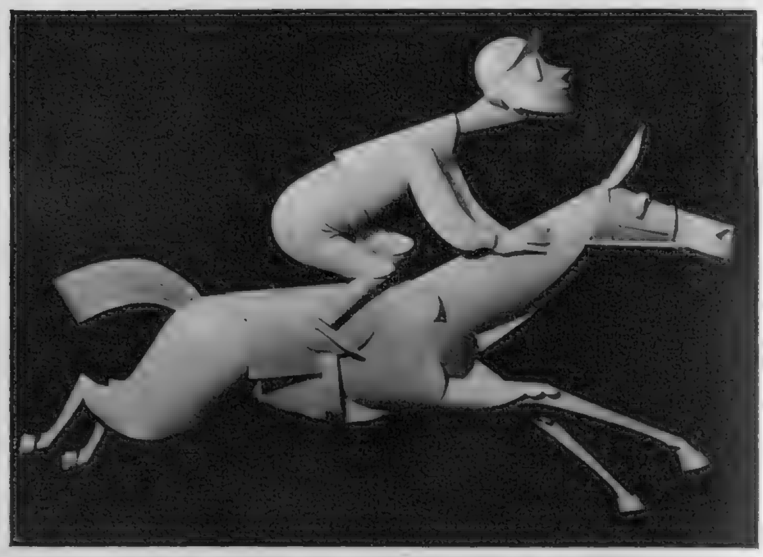
Caprice finds the song, not caring that it is an old one that has brought bad luck to everyone who has sung it. And by her saucy way of singing it, and her uninhibited display of assets, she changes the luck of the number and becomes the toast of the *quartier*. This is the beginning of an antic film that gets a bit involved in places, and will hardly be remembered as a classic; but which has been directed by Henri Jeanson with a wonderfully convincing sense of period, is pleasantly scored, brilliantly costumed, and put over with piquancy and wit.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA . . . Orin, in the doorway, is inflamed with jealousy when he sees Lavinia with her fiancé Peter Nites. She becomes frightened that Orin will become even more unbalanced over his guilt-fixation and tell the truth about their crime.

LADY PANAME . . . Caprice introduces her song—a former bad-luck tune—changes its luck and receives an enthusiastic reception.

STREAMLINED STAR

No jet-propulsion is needed to speed the impact of Jane Russell in this streamlined dress, which she wears in her latest film, RKO Radio's *Macao*, due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 12. The dress is made of white crêpe silk; the draped, fly-away panels are embroidered with pearls, rhinestones, crystal beads and jade to match the fabulous ornament round her throat. Skirt panels and stole are faced with jade crêpe, and all is the work of RKO's head designer, Michael Woulfe.



, An appropriate paper sculpture by Bruce Angrave.

Sporting Background

THE DERBY

By Louis T. Stanley

WE are apt, in our indolent English manner, to take Derby Day for granted. It is a mistake, because this race is unique in the year of sport, even though the ingredients remain the same. Once again we came near to suffocation in the sprawling ant-heap of humanity. The official attendance estimate was over 500,000. An impressive figure, but mute when it comes to atmosphere and types. The fashionable enclosures are no guide. They only touch the hem. To get the best out of the Derby, you want to sink your identity on the free side of the course. Never mind the tiered stands. Exchange champagne for lemonade by the quart and jellied eels. Mingle with the crowds that swarm across the Downs. You soon find that the exotic dresses on the fashionable side of the rails are not the only ones to be worn with pride. The colours are as exaggerated as if touched by the brush of Frith. It is a caricaturist's dream.

By any standard the scene is bizarre. Tipsters prancing about with dramatic gesture. Hoarse-voiced bookies on their flimsy scaffolds. The voice of the crowd is deafening. The tempo is determined by the clock. As the minute hand draws nearer to the big race, the pandemonium reaches a fresh crescendo. The atmosphere reeks of beer and bodies. The stands are like quivering patterns of animated life. In ten minutes the name of the winner will be engraved out of uncertainty in the records. Those near the rails hear the sound of thudding hoofs on hard earth . . . clinking bits . . . as the lords of turf, wide of nostril, pass with aristocratic grace.

The tension became tangible as the ribbon of colour, thirty-three strong, gradually took shape. Seldom has the Derby appeared so open as it was this year. There was also the additional incentive of being the most valuable in the history of the race, with £20,000 prize-money waiting to be collected by the winner. French optimism was high with several potential winners in the field. A few weeks before the race a well-known bookie had offered useful odds to anyone who fancied an English horse. He was also prepared to throw in a strait-jacket to anyone who accepted the offer. I only hope that he kept one for himself, for the Continental invasion was resisted in no uncertain fashion.

The sweep of Tattenham Corner is the ideal place to catch the outline of crouching jockeys in vivid colours sweeping along like a wave of silk. For a moment, Gordon Richards held the lead as *Monarch More,* with smooth sweeping strides, went to the front. The order quickly changed as the horses entered the straight. The bedlam of sound gradually took shape and formed the name of the winner. Seldom has a victory been so deserved. It gave the Aga Khan his fifth Derby win, and the jockey, Charlie Smirke, his third success in the classic of the Turf. Here was the tonic that British bloodstock needed, for *Tulyar* was bred by his owner in Ireland. He is a son of *Tehran,* a former St. Leger winner. Marcus Marsh again showed his genius as a trainer. Some time ago I shared a programme with him on television, in which he commented on possible successes for the season. *Tulyar* came into the list, but at that time I doubt if Marsh had fully assessed its quality.

The race took 2 mins. 36⅗ secs. It is remarkable to think that such a brief span of time can attain such importance in the minds and lives of hundreds of thousands of people scattered all over the world. It is small wonder that roughly seventy years ago Henry James reacted as he did to the scene. He was describing the America which formed the background of his fellow-countryman, Nathaniel Hawthorne, when he was a youth. And he drew up a list of the things that Hawthorne missed and his country then lacked. It begins with a State, includes church, universities, cathedrals, palaces, court, and ends with "No Epsom, nor Ascot." This shrewd onlooker realised that behind the traditions and flimsy façade of convention, Epsom and the Derby form an essential part of the national life of England.

Every year sports writers are tempted to describe that particular Derby as outstanding and of special significance. I have done the same myself. Several factors have made it memorable. On the other hand, honesty compels the admission that some 170-odd Derby Days have more than had their quota of incident and excitement. This year many people spent the night on the Downs in cars, tents and caravans. The traffic congestion was tackled by mobile police patrols. I learnt that some 2000 police were mobilised to control the crowds. That is now the accepted pattern. Think for a moment of the Edwardian Derby Day. The pattern was similar, with certain differences. Four-in-hands driven by military-looking men in bold check trousers. Landaus, brakes, chaises, gigs, brightly-painted dog-carts. Cockney costers on their mokes. Such was the traffic in Edwardian days. At night the King entertained the Jockey Club at the Palace. John Corlett led his string of seventeen hansoms from one public-house to another. Piccadilly and Haymarket echoed to the sound of festivities. Derby night was something to remember.

Even more memorable must have been that May day in 1780 when the race was inaugurated. The setting was post-chaise and cabriolet, with a blending of cambric, quizzing glasses, quivering fans and powdered heads. It was indeed a fashionable gathering, fitting support to Edward Smith Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, who had decided, over a glass of after-dinner port, that it would be amusing to run a race for three-year-olds and call it the Derby, in the same way that he had inaugurated the Oaks in 1779, the name being derived from his shooting-box at Woodmansterne.

I can find no list that records the horses entered for the first Derby, although history confirms that nine horses cantered to the starting-post. We know, further, that the race was won by a horse called *Diomed,* owned by the sporting Suffolk squire, Sir Charles Bunbury, of Mildenhall. He sold the horse in 1798, then twenty-one years old, to an American for fifty guineas. *Diomed* was later resold to Colonel John Hoome, of Virginia. The influence of this horse on the American thoroughbred at stud was immense. He died at the age of thirty-one years. I always read his obituary with quiet amusement: "There was almost as much mourning in the old colony land at his demise as there was at the death of George Washington. The Virginians regarded the death of *Diomed* as a great national catastrophe." I can only assume that the Virginians were either exceptional horse-lovers or a trifle shaky over their national history.

There was one incident in this year's Derby that will be noted in the records. The second horse, *Gay Time,* threw its jockey, Lester Piggott, just after passing the winning-post. The jockey had to return to the unsaddling enclosure minus horse and saddle. A stable boy rode the horse back. History almost repeated itself, for glancing through old records of horse-racing at Epsom before the Derby was inaugurated, I found that at the October Meeting of 1766: "A curious accident befell the Jockey who rode the winner of the Sweepstakes. Just before he came in at the Winning-Post, being crossed by a gentleman on horseback, the rider was thrown, but his leg hanging in the stirrup, the horse of course carried his weight in, and won miraculously without hurting his rider."

The Derby has had imitators, but none have carried the same appeal. It is still unique . . . the Blue Riband of the Turf for the most graceful creatures in the world.

Thank goodness that after centuries . . .

of absurdity in men's dress .

sanity and taste are at last combined . . .

in 1952.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by ffolkes.

THE STARTER—Mr. Conway-Jones (centre), Group-Captain Murray, secretary of the Hayling Island Sailing Club, *left*, and Mr. Norman Moore, *right*.

UNDER THE FLAG OF THE HAYLING ISLAND SAILING CLUB

The single-handed Firefly Championships of Great Britain were held at Chichester Harbour, Hayling Island, and the Chichester-Smith Trophy was won by Mr. Martin Beale in *Frenzy*. Stewart Morris was second in *Finella*, and Charles Currey, after being badly boxed in at the start, was third in *Sunlight*: all three are possible Olympic helmsmen. This National Firefly Single-handed Meeting under the flag of the Hayling Island Sailing Club was a great success and the weather perfect.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

In his Firefly—Mr. John Oakeley, an entrant for the Chichester-Smith Trophy, photographed when coming in after the race.

Manhandling a Firefly are, at the back, Mr. Jack Doyle; Mr. Atholl Oakeley; Lord Glenorchy with a pipe; Mr. John Oakeley, struggling under a sail, and Mr. P. Blomberg.

. . . THE WINNER—Mr. Martin Beale is presented with the trophy by Mrs. Chichester-Smith. He is watched by smiling admirers of his convincing win.

. . . AND SOME RUNNERS-UP—*L. to r.*, Mr. Stewart Morris, who was second ; Miss Penelope Lowles, Mr. Ian Butler, Mr. Martin Beale, with his prize ; Mr. Vernon Stratton, Mr. Charles Currey, who was third ; and Mr. John Oakeley.

L. to r., Mr. Atholl Oakeley, Mr. P. Blomberg, Mr. Jack Doyle, the film-acting boxer ; Lord Glenorchy, Miss Patricia Wells and Mr. John Oakeley.

L. to r., Mr. C. Dervichian, Mrs. Janson, Mr. Denys Peel and Captain R. T. Janson, V.R.D., R.N.V.R.

In the bar, *l. to r.*, the steward, Mr. Norman Moore, Gp.-Capt. Murray, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Murray (behind) ; Mr. Vernon Hunt, Mr. Stewart Dandridge, Miss Fairtlough, Mr. R. Coleman (behind), W.-Cdr. T. C. Murray.

Local boys make good a seat—greasing the slide of one of the new Hornet class dinghies with a good old-fashioned candle.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

TO have sponsored television or not to have sponsored television seems to be a question that becomes "burninger" and "burninger" as the time passes. The lively interchanges on the subject, when the House of Lords debated the Government's White Paper on the future of the B.B.C., proved how keenly their Lordships felt. It is a safe bet that similar contradicting passions burn in the hearts of the Great Uncoronetted, and that similar controversies cause havoc to the domestic peace of countless humble homes.

Perhaps we are wrong to approach this subject in a spirit of levity, for, by implication, it is a serious one. Non-sponsored radio has been the rule for so long in this country that it has become part of our national way of life. To reverse the policy would indeed be a social revolution, and therefore not to be entered into lightly.

Nor, we feel, is this the right moment for such a step, and the Government is well advised to defer the matter to a more propitious time, without closing the door upon it. If it is to be a workable proposition, commercial television will have to have a "channel" of its own. Fitting it into the hours during which, at present, there is nothing on the air, could only be a temporary measure. Sponsors would be lunatics to spend large sums on programmes to occupy the off-peak hours. Unfortunately at the moment, this country has more serious preoccupations than the creation of a new television network.

And would it, after all, be such a very good thing? Is the argument, that it would raise the standards of the B.B.C. programmes through healthy competition, really a sound one? The advertiser naturally wants to reach the largest possible public. But the good people who delve into these things will tell you that the most popular programmes are rarely the most artistic, or the most intelligent. It is useless to say that commercial programmes will be vetted and controlled. Who is going to do it, and what sponsor would stand for such interference? Piper-payers are notorious for their whims for calling the tune. So let us not be such hypocrites as to pretend that the nation's culture will receive untold benefits.

Nor let us shed false tears over the thousands of artists, writers, and such who are "chained to the monopoly of the B.B.C." The majority of them work in happy concord with the Corporation, and past personal experience makes us one of that majority.

The most considerable advantage of commercial television would be the vast income from the sale of broadcasting time. This, presumably, would go to the B.B.C. and aid the financing of its own service. Or would it? What would there be to stop some Government collaring the lot, just as it already takes a crippling proportion of the income from licence fees?

No, the time for "going commercial" is not yet. Meanwhile, if the Government has any thought to spare for the improvement of the standards of British television, let them give the service more money. It is not one in which to make a fortune, and many of its most valuable people are grossly underpaid. A producer, for instance, earns about £750 a year. Yet his is a job of enormous responsibility and needs not only artistic ability, but great technical skill as well. The author of a full-length play will be lucky

Television finds a new star. Cecile Chevreau, who is playing the lead in the current Saturday night serial, *Silk, Satin, Cotton, Rags*, provides a welcome touch of glamour.

to get more than £140 for it, though it may have taken him six months to write. Actors—apart from certain stars—are paid within a range of £20 to £75, and if that fee includes three weeks of rehearsal, that 's just too bad. We are not accusing the B.B.C. of being stingy; the money just isn't there.

Just what the cast of over eighty in *Sales Girl* were paid we have no idea. But we do know that they were worth every penny. This was the latest in a series of documentary programmes under the general heading *The Rising Twenties*, and was as brilliant as the previous two. This time the focus was on the growing-pains of the young girls who serve the public so faithfully and patiently from behind the counters of a chain-store. It was a difficult and tricky subject and could have gone hideously wrong. But it didn't, thanks to a fine production by Caryl Doncaster, a good script by Patricia Evans, a remarkable reproduction of a multiple store by Stephen Bundy, and, of course, the performances of the cast of eighty.

Lines of Communication, by Paul Scott, was not advertised as a documentary, but that 's how it turned out. It dealt with the stresses and strains of an Air Supply Company operating in Burma and India during World War II. and we found ourselves profoundly impressed and moved by it. Others, we understand, were not, and we wonder why. Perhaps its appeal was stronger to those who, too, in their various services during the war, had to fight the frustration of effort caused by temperamental subordinates, interfering superiors and the general "clueless" behaviour of the Higher-ups. What cannot be denied is that *Lines of Communication* was a superbly integrated example of television technique. The script was of an almost incredible tautness and economy; the production, by Ian Atkins, never for a minute faltered, in spite of the difficulties of constant cross-cutting from studio to film and handling a large cast; the performances were all faultless and, in the cases of Edward Evans and Abraham Sofaer, seemed inspired. A play with a conventionally developed plot it certainly was not. (It would be difficult to introduce a boy-meets-girl theme into an all-male cast.) Nevertheless, it was by far the most impressive thing we have seen on our screen for some time.

Gogol received star billing for the fact that his was the plot from which Eric Crozier's play *The Gamblers* was drawn. We were impressed neither by the billing, the plot, nor the subsequent play. No doubt producer Fred O'Donovan and—of the cast—Patric Doonan, Anthony Nicholls, Olaf Olsen and Ian Wallace did their best for material that refused to come to life.

If in the casting of *Silk, Satin, Cotton, Rags*, by M. A. Lonsdale, the latest serial to keep us out of the local on a Saturday night, Douglas Moodie ran into a few preliminary difficulties, he has at least found a new star. We refer to Cecile Chevreau, who gave such a shattering performance in *Dangerous Drugs* recently. Now we find her equally at home in a comedy rôle (of a somewhat clipped kind) and looking very lovely. Her leading men, Barry K. Barnes, Richard Murdoch, Clive Morton and Anthony Ireland, fuss around her ably, in their several ways, while Gladys Henson plays a Gladys Henson part as only Gladys Henson can.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

ANOTHER major effort from Cecil Madden's Documentary Department gets under way to-night. It is all about those folk whom visiting film-stars find so wonderful—our police. In fact, the programme is called *Police Station*, and will be shown in six weekly parts, taking the viewer painlessly on a round of the inner workings of one of these aweing establishments. Production is by Robert Barr and the script by Jan Reed.

Outside broadcasts are really getting busy now. To-morrow you can see the annual Trooping the Colour, both at the time and in excerpt form in the evening. Armchair cricketers can — also to-morrow — begin their vigil through the first Test Match, being played at Headingley, Leeds. Next comes *The Royal Tournament*—in two parts—at 7.30 p.m. on June 9 and 8.50 p.m. on June 10, from Earl's Court. It 's one of the best O.B.'s of the year. Lastly, there is the Richmond Royal Horse Show, which can be seen on the afternoons of June 12-14. There is one evening visit on the 13th for the finals of the Open Jumping Competition.

June 6 brings Joan Gilbert in a new weekly programme *Week-end Magazine*, also Sir Adrian Boult with the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the second of *The Conductor Speaks* series. We don't envy Sir Adrian having to follow Sir Thomas Beecham in these programmes, but we shall be happy to renew acquaintance with a likable television personality.

On June 14 viewers will be gently prepared for the coming French television invasion, with *At the Moulin Rouge, with Toulouse Lautrec*. This programme, which has already proved a great success when televised in Paris, will be done at Lime Grove, not by the B.B.C., but by Radiodiffusion et Television Françaises. The producer will be Gilles Margaritis. Low-brows need not be alarmed. The programme is a form of Old Time Music Hall.

Higher-brows may wish to make a note of June 10, when George Foa is presenting an experimental music and mime programme, called *Harlequin in Venice*. Music by Scarlatti, Pergolesi and Pasiello.

THESE GIRLS FROM NEW ZEALAND : For introducing a new sport to a sporting nation.

There are thirteen girls in the Blair Atholl team from New Zealand which has brought marching here as a new sport. They can give a marching display lasting two hours without repetition.

GRAHAM CROWDEN : For trimming hedges so as not to trim his sails.

This young actor, engaged to play in *As You Like It* at the Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre, had a month to wait before rehearsals, so got himself a job as gardener in Regent's Park. Watching are his wife, Phyllida Hewart, and Mary Kerridge.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. C. P. SAUNDERS : For taking a broad hint.

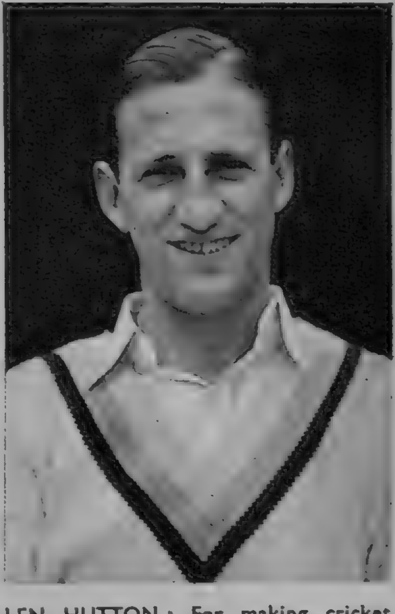
Mr. Saunders, a seventy-five-year-old jobbing gardener, is seen taking his tip from the signpost at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire.

RUDOLPH THE REINDEER : For sweet patience in the face of considerable provocation.

We who *have* heard of Arthur Askey admire his zeal in getting an unusual angle on the dead-pan dumb chum at Whipsnade Zoo's twenty-first birthday celebrations recently.

DR. JOHN GREGORY : For coming-of-age in a new way.

It is 21 years since Dr. Gregory, non-playing captain of British Davis Cup team, was at his peak, but when Paish was injured recently, Gregory partnered Mottram to win a vital match against Yugoslavia.



LEN HUTTON : For making cricket history.

Never before in the history of Test cricket has a professional been selected to captain England. Under the famous Yorkshire batsman our team will play India at Leeds tomorrow (June 5).

Our Summer Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GET READY FOR THE SUN

Feeling spot-lit by the summer sun, Mrs. Bibury decided that she and her daughter Charlotte must get their hair expertly done, and stock up with beauty products. After respectively visiting Antoine and Vasco, they spent the next day shopping at Marshall and Snelgrove's, where they met Mrs. Bibury's sister, Mrs. Curtis. All three spent some time in the new Beauty Department, and then explored other showrooms. Here and in the following pages we show some of the things that attracted them.

Left: In the quiet atmosphere of Antoine's Dover Street salon, Mr. Alexis studied Mrs. Bibury's present hair style and together they decided on a becoming and practical summery style, which did not frame her face so heavily. As Mrs. Bibury leads a busy life, she was insistent that her hair should be "easy-to-manage" and Mr. Alexis suggested that it should be shortened and properly proportioned by the "effleurage" method.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

Without any radical changes, Mrs. Bibury's hair has now lost that bushy appearance. A special rinse—a mixture of copper, gold and auburn—has brought out the highlights, and the final effect is light and well-groomed.

Left: Like many other young girls, Charlotte's main idea is that her hair should be as little bother as possible. However, she agreed with Mr. Vasco that it would be prettier to abandon her wispy style.

Right: Her "new" neat head which, as she is lucky enough to have naturally wavy hair, will keep its shape without constant attention. The crown is smooth, and soft curls becomingly frame her face.

Left: Mrs. Bibury found the range of Elizabeth Arden products even greater than she had imagined. The consultant recommended the new Ardena Special Hormone Cream to be used twice weekly, for it is especially beneficial to women over thirty, helping the skin to keep its youthful texture and preventing wrinkles and loss of natural colour. Price 27s. 6d. and 47s. 6d. "Cleanse, tone and nourish" are the three vital rules for skin care. Mrs. Bibury was advised to use Cleansing Cream, followed by Skin Tonic (9s. 2d., 19s. 7d., 37s. 6d.), then to smooth in Orange Skin Food (9s. 2d., 16s. 3d., 24s. 7d.) or Vitamin Cream (20s. 9d., 35s.). Ardena Special Astringent (11s. 6d., 20s. 10d., 32s. 4d.) is good for bracing relaxed contours. Ultra Amoretta Cream (9s. 2d.) is the proper foundation for Mrs. Bibury's dry skin, and she was told to use two powders; Ardena Powder with Japonica Powder dusted on top (both 12s. 6d. or 20s. 10d.). She chose two lipsticks (11s. 8d.): "Surprise," and a new dark-red one for evening, "Jewel Ruby." (Matching rouge is 9s. 2d.) Blue Grass hand lotion (8s. 4d.) is lovely to rub in after washing, and Ardena Hormone hand cream (10s. 1d., 16s. 3d.) is a rich cream for over-night use. Mrs. Bibury could not resist buying a bottle of the refreshing Blue Grass Flower Mist (14s. 2d.); and a bottle of Ardena Suntan Oil (8s. 4d.).

Right: Charlotte is sensible enough to realise that heavy make-up is not suitable for a young girl, but that regular care of the skin is most important. The assistant at the Yardley counter was most helpful, and advised Yardley liquid cleanser (for greasy skins) at 6s. 6d., or Dry Skin cleansing cream to be followed by Toning lotion (6s.), and Cleansing Milk (6s.) for a quick "clean-up" during the day. For daytime, Charlotte chose a jar of Yardley Foundation cream, which is made in the palest natural pink (6s.). Liquid Foundation (6s.) is ideal for greasy skins. For slightly heavier make-up there is Yardley Make-up Base (6s.). Yardley night cream is a nourishing skin food (7s. 3d.). Yardley Face Powder is made in ten shades; Charlotte bought "English Peach" for her fair skin. "Pretty Pink" and "Vivid" are both attractive lipstick colours for day, and for something a little more sophisticated for evening the assistant suggested "Cherry" or "Holly Red." Lipstick costs 7s. 6d., Rouge 3s. 6d. Hand cream at 4s. 7d. or 8s. 9d. is delightfully fresh and softening.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Our Summer Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GET READY FOR THE SUN

(Contd.)

Mrs. Bibury wears a model dress in cream-coloured pure silk shantung. The top is embroidered with black raffia, and the finely pleated skirt swirls out over a "built-in" stiff petticoat. Price 48 gns. (Speciality Gowns). Her face-framing cream and black fancy straw hat is finished with black veiling (12 gns.). The black suède gloves have an unusually-cut wrist (69s. 9d.). Her double-row pearl choker is 39s. 6d.

Charlotte's cool-looking dress is in pale-straw broderie anglaise. The centre-seamed bodice has large revers and the very full skirt is highlighted by two jutting pockets. In medium sizes, it is also obtainable in navy at 17½ gns. White piqué gloves are 21s., and the white plastic handbag with double handle is 3 gns. Red veiling trims her little white straw Dutch bonnet. Price 10 gns.

Foundation models on show are: *(Left to right)* Black "Fantasie" corselet in nylon lastex with satin elastic panels at the back. It is entirely unboned, and has a neat zip fastening up the front. Also made in white and tea-rose, price 6½ gns. The "Florelle" bra in nylon satin is wired underneath for extra uplift. (Price £3 2s. 10d.) Next to it is a Lilley of France bra in satin and lace which is available in A, B and C cup fittings. Price 26s. (in nylon 21s.), in tea-rose, white and black. Then comes a pull-on belt, "Hi-Enhance," also by Lilley of France. Specially suitable for the petite figure, it extends for 2 ins. above the waist and gives a very smooth line. Made in peach nylon lastex net and satin, it has a zip fastener down one side. Price £7. On the same model is a dainty lace and nylon bra for a young girl at 27s. 6d. (tea-rose only). Below is Warner's white satin and lace bra with the "stay-down" band at the bottom; it costs 25s. 9d. On the extreme right is Berlei's "Donel" belt for the larger figure which gives firm diaphragm control. This also fastens with a zip; in peach elastic net with satin panels, price £5 12s. 6d. Above is a Berlei bra (junior fitting) in peach lace, reinforced under the bust. Price 12s. 9d.

Mrs. Curtis discovered that most of the leading makes of perfumes can now be obtained in tiny sizes. Really minute bottles are made by Molyneux at 7s. 6d., Nina Ricci at 8s. 9d., and Weil at 8s. 9d. Coty (10s. 6d.) and Lentheric (15s.) also do small sizes. In slightly larger quantities come Guerlain at 35s., Worth 42s. 6d., Caron 41s. 3d., Schiaparelli 35s., Chanel 47s. 6d., Lanvin 42s. 6d., Jean Patou 35s., Marcel Rochas 50s. and Carven 32s. 6d., to mention just a few. All these perfumes are, of course, to be had in various larger sizes in prices ranging up to £20.

Mrs. Curtis wears a tailored dress in duck-egg-blue dupion. Detail is added to the plain skirt by an attractive draping on the left hip. The plain bodice has large, fresh-looking revers. Price £4 10s., and in navy and black (Economy Shop). Her small black coarse straw hat has an upstanding quill and is priced at £4 19s. 6d. The black calf hide, silk-lined handbag is 5 gns.; French black silk jersey gloves are 14s. 1d.

With the help of Miss Dunne, a close inspection is made of lingerie. Mrs. Curtis (*right*) is looking at a nylon waist petticoat which has a double flounce giving the effect of two petticoats. In peach or white, waist sizes 26-30, price 94s. 6d. Charlotte and her mother seem very interested in a nylon slip and knicker set with a trimming and flounce of permanent pleating. Price £12 the set; bust sizes, 35, 37, 39, in peach or white. On the extreme left can be seen the edge of a permanently pleated nylon nightie. In peach or blue, it costs 14 gns.

Charlotte's white perforated buck-skin shoes have a medium heel and can be obtained in several other colours. Price £5 19s. 6d.

Mrs. Curtis is wearing a pair of black suède calf court shoes piped with suède. Available also in brown or blue, they are £5 19s. 6d.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Our Summer Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GET READY FOR THE SUN

Left:
In the Handbag Dept., Mrs. Bibury and her sister found two black lizard bags; one in a boxy shape at £17 10s., and the other pouch-shaped (19 gns.) A small design in grey lizard was 10 gns.; medium size luxan hide, 5 gns.; real white pigskin, £9 12s. 6d.; black patent plastic, 3 gns. Mrs. Curtis is holding a useful bag in the popular off-white luxan hide (£8 10s. 6d.). Besides looking attractive, this practicable material is washable. A white patent calf bag was £15 10s., and at the other end of the scale came one in white plastic at £2 19s. 6d. A genuine hide shoulder bag with three inner divisions and adjustable shoulder-strap was priced at £9 18s. 6d. In the foreground on the counter are two more white bags; the one on the left is real lizard (£18 10s.) and the other, in white plastic (washable), cost £3 9s. 6d. A selection of crocodile bags in the showcase (bottom right) range in price from £25 to £57 10s.

Right:
Surrounded by so many pairs of attractive shoes, Mrs. Bibury finds it difficult to make her final choice. On the extreme left are black suède court shoes, cut low at the sides and braided at the edge (8½ gns.); then comes a pair of lightweight strip sandals with a high heel in navy/white, brown/white or red/white (8½ gns). The tan suède courts (behind) have black calf trimming and again cost 8½ gns.; the same shoe in brown lizard and black calf is 9½ gns. Mrs. Bibury is examining a navy calf court shoe edged with white stitching and finished with a snappy stitched bow (8½ gns.). For her day's shopping she wears black suède court with an open vamp—both comfortable and smart. Price 7½ gns. The black patent court shoes (extreme right) are V-throated and have an open toe (8½ gns.). Also made in black suède, and in black Ottoman (8 gns.).

The new "Playdeck" Dept. makes an attractive background for these inexpensive summer cottons. Mrs. Bibury's, in black Egyptian cotton, has a mandarin neck (which can be turned back) and one of the new all-elastic belts—3 ins. wide to give a really nipped-in appearance. Also available in sky, citron, grey, emerald and bottle, this sophisticated dress is only 6 gns. (including belt). Her patent and suède black sandals are 8½ gns.

Charlotte's casual blue seersucker (needs no ironing!) shirt-waister has a full skirt and cuffed three-quarter batwing sleeves. Price 5½ gns., also in pink, natural and dark mustard. Medium heeled white kid sandals (8½ gns.) are useful for wearing with all summer dresses. The enormous straw hat with fringed edge is 27s. 6d.

Mrs. Curtis wears a glazed cotton dress which buttons down the front to below the waist. Mandarin collar and stand-out pockets give it a tailored look. In lime, tan, mauve, blue or red on a grey and black striped background. Price 4 gns. White wedge-heeled strip kid sandals are 49s. 6d.

All these dresses are in hip sizes 36—42.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Summer Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GET READY FOR THE SUN

Wearing dresses suitable for the grandest ball, Mrs. Bibury and Charlotte pose on the main stairway. Mrs. Bibury's, in lilac pure silk chiffon, has the new halter cape. The bustline is intricately swathed and the skirt falls in graceful folds over the taffeta slip. A spray of lilac-coloured roses decorates the left hip. Available in several other pastel shades and black, it is priced at 29½ guineas (medium sizes). Blue and lilac beaded flowers are on the pale evening bag (£10 5s. 6d.). Her imitation amethyst necklace is 59 guineas.

Charlotte wears a superb model in fondant-pink, pure silk organdie. It has an Edwardian neckline, and a very deep cummerbund in "shocking" pink. The enormously full skirt would swirl out beautifully in an old-fashioned waltz. Made to order, it costs 57 gns. Her white brocaded satin evening bag costs £5 15s.

The galaxy of colour in the Artificial Flower Department offsets Mrs. Curtis's simple and inexpensive summer evening dress. The organza dress is in a black and white plaid design ; it is also available in saxe and white. The centre seamed bodice is cut on the cross and gathered into the wide halter neckline. A pleasantly full skirt allows for easy dancing. The whole is self-lined with taffeta, and does up with a zip at the back. Price £8 15s. in medium sizes, inclusive of white marguerites. Her imitation jet and pearl earrings were 11s. 9d., and she made a jet necklace (21s. 6d.) do double duty as a bracelet. Her jet beaded black grosgrain evening bag cost £3 19s. 6d.

● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

Motorists Penalised Again . . . Formidable British Racers . . . Comfort and Economy on Two Wheels

By William Hartley

The Bristol-engined Frazer-Nash being driven by Ken Wharton—a combination which our correspondent considers to be "formidable indeed"; certainly a good start was made at Silverstone recently.

THE motoring public take another minor prick with yet another rise in the cost of petrol. Those concerned argue that the step is justified on the grounds of increased cost of distribution, but I am tempted to ask if this includes the cost of painting all the petrol stations and giving the attendants nice new white coats! I know I have praised this on this page in past months, but there comes a time when a halt should be called. Some recently announced profit increases in the petrol-trading world also tend to annoy. This high cost of motoring, cars, fuel, repairs and even parking has got well beyond a joke. I am aware of more than a few motorists who are slowly being roused to heat on the subject.

A NEW star seems to have arrived among the racing drivers in young Mike Hawthorn. His Goodwood successes have been followed by a win in a heat at Silverstone and a week later by leading a keen field at Boreham. Watching him carefully one is convinced that he has the verve and skill to reach the heights. I was of course sorry that a mechanical bother with his gear-change held him up in the *Daily Express* Trophy race while the field did five laps, but it does no harm to a young man still learning. It was good for his courage and heart to have to set off on the seemingly hopeless task of catching up the leaders five laps ahead in a short race. To be able to press on under such a handicap without losing heart or becoming careless is good education and experience and Mike Hawthorn proved he was capable of it.

How pleased many were to see the H.W.M. cars come home in first and second places in that Trophy Race. Little Lance Macklin was rightly a very popular winner and the hug that John Heath gave him as he drew up under the chequered flag was one of mutual delight. No one has done more for British motor-racing since the war than John Heath, with George Abecassis and their H.W.M.s (Hersham and Walton Motors, for those not in the know). From their garage at Walton-on-Thames they have built and raced a most successful team of cars for several seasons in Formula 2 (2-litres unsupercharged). Their enterprise and skill is to be highly praised indeed.

The H.W.M.s have now considerable opposition, including the Cooper-Bristol cars which Mike Hawthorn and the aces of the half-litre class, Brown and Brandon, are driving. Another which also uses the splendid Bristol power unit is the Frazer-Nash which has been driven by Ken Wharton. I fancy we shall see and hear a great deal more of this car. With the experience of the Aldington brothers and Ken Wharton as pilot, I can see some successes coming along without any doubt. There is little need to comment on the Bristol engine—Bristols are almost synonymous with good engines! So the Frazer-Nash-Bristol-Wharton combination is formidable indeed.

FROM another quarter of the ancient city of Bristol comes a different type of machine too, and none the less praiseworthy. The name of Douglas has for long been linked with interesting and good motor-cycles. They are producing, in this country, the Vespa, based on Italian designs. It is a small machine, with a 125-c.c. engine, and after running about on one for a week or more, I parted from it with regret. I should like to make one point. I am not a motor-cyclist by any stretch of imagination. (When I was but seventeen I was the proud owner of the sum of £4 10s., which was then ample to buy myself a car! So I never had need for the economy of motor-cycling.) Thus, it was virtually a new experience for me to mount a solo machine, and on that experience I can say that nothing could have been simpler to ride and control, and I feel sure the same would apply to anyone who, like myself, has always been accustomed to four wheels. The Vespa was comfortable to ride and gives tremendous mileage per gallon with a top speed of over 40 m.p.h. One keeps clean, since all working parts are covered, and starting is simple. I should say that here is a little machine that anyone could ride and which would be most useful for dodging about to the shops and for such things as the daily journey to the station and back. It is well finished in attractive green and with extras such as the windscreen provides pretty good weather protection. And it is a long time since I've seen anything as neat as the spare petrol supply stored in what is nothing more than the disc for the spare wheel.

ANOTHER miniature of a different kind that has attracted me is the lovely electric scale-model of either the Morris Minor or the Vauxhall Velox made by Victory Industries of Guildford. The owners of either of these makes should have fun with such a true replica of their car, and anyone who likes good working models, man or boy, would appreciate them. Both Morris and Vauxhall models have been blessed by the makers of the cars and, I gather, the overseas business in the models is very considerable.

The Douglas-built Vespa (*inset*: in comparison with an average-sized car) is comfortable to ride, gives tremendous mileage per gallon and has a top speed of over 40 m.p.h.

JUNE
II
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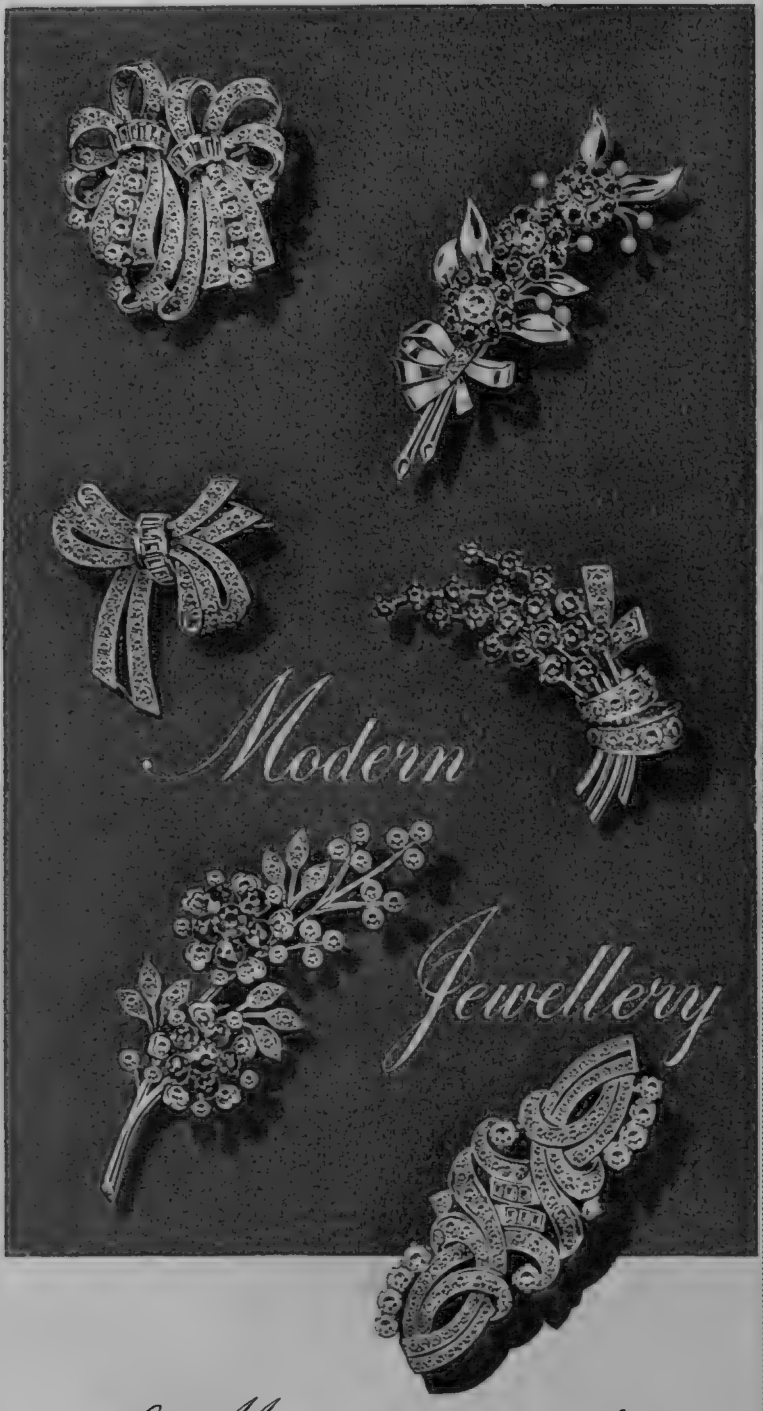

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A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

I LOVE shopping. By that I don't mean the daily round of butcher, baker and greengrocer, but the kind of shopping expeditions when I manage to ferret out things that really seem to represent outstanding value for money. I hope to be able to share with you in *The Sketch* from time to time some of my "finds" on these shopping treasure hunts.

Have you ever hankered for a candlewick bedspread? I had for years, for I have always thought them pretty and practical. They can be washed at home and when quite dry all they need is a good shaking to restore their fluffiness and make them look as good as new again. I was delighted to discover that I could get my bedspread at a most reasonable cost from Pettits, in Kensington High Street. This shop has a scheme whereby the customer takes along a cotton sheet which, in about three weeks, is converted into a luxurious candlewick bedspread. You can choose your colour and design from a number of patterns, or, if you prefer, you can have the candlewick dyed to match any colour scheme. The prices, which vary according to the design and the amount of candlewick used, range from £3 to £5 for a bedspread measuring up to 100 by 90 ins.

* * * * *

So pleased was I with the appearance of the bedroom that I made yet another effort to encourage my husband to be a little tidier with his clothes by buying him a present of which he thoroughly approves. This is a device that will hold up to sixteen ties flat against the back of the wardrobe door. A flick of the knob on the top bar and the ties are held out ready for selection. This "Easy-Fix Wardrobe Tie Pack" is supplied ready fixed with attached screws, and can be fitted in a few moments. It costs 6s. 6d., and I found it at the Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street.

* * * * *

A friend told me about a household cloth that can be used for drying glasses, cutlery and crockery, but which only works when it is damp! Frankly incredulous, I bought one (4s. 11d.) and found that it really does do all that is claimed for it. This cloth is called "Vilex," and can be bought at the Army and Navy Stores. Before use, the cloth has to be thoroughly wetted and wrung out so that it is just damp; it is then ready to be used for drying (yes, drying!) glasses, knives, crockery, etc.; polishing mirrors, tiles or the bath, or as an excellent duster, for it removes the dust without raising it. It has an almost chamois-like texture and a long life. It is available in a variety of colours and can be cleaned by being rinsed or boiled in any ordinary detergent.

More conventional types of glass cloths, but ones that are guaranteed to cheer up any kitchen, can be bought at Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. Some Irish linen cloths I saw there are printed in gay colours in a number of amusing designs, and are only 3s. 11d. each. I also noticed in the same department some guest towels at 2s. 6d. each in a range of eight colours.

* * * * *

I was pleased to see an innovation at Harrods which will save many hours of sewing—hemmed, ready-to-hang curtains made in sizes to fit any and every room in the house. The curtains are headed with rufflette tape, and can be obtained in a very wide choice of designs. Samples of patterns will be sent on request, but Harrods urge a personal visit to their Furnishing Fabrics Showroom, where the entire range can be seen and the possibilities of the new scheme fully demonstrated. Naturally, the prices vary according to size and material, but I saw a pair of unlined floral cretonne curtains, each measuring 46 ins. wide and 6 ft. long, that cost £2 14s. 6d. Another gaily-coloured nursery design in printed cotton satin on a cream ground cost £3 16s. (unlined, and the same measurements as above).

* * * * *

My tail-piece this month is, perhaps unsuitably, an elephant's trunk. This is not a mammoth piece of luggage, but a pie funnel in the form of an elephant with the trunk cunningly designed to support the crust. It has proved a great favourite with the children, who now eat pies at an alarming rate in order to gaze at the centre-piece! It is made by Nutbrown, costs 2s. 11d., and can be bought at many ironmongers and big stores.

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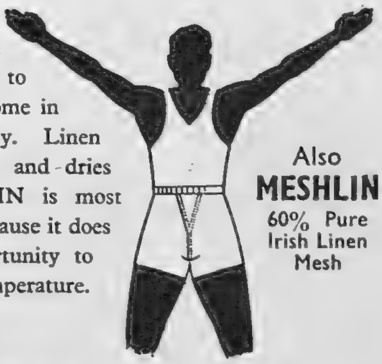

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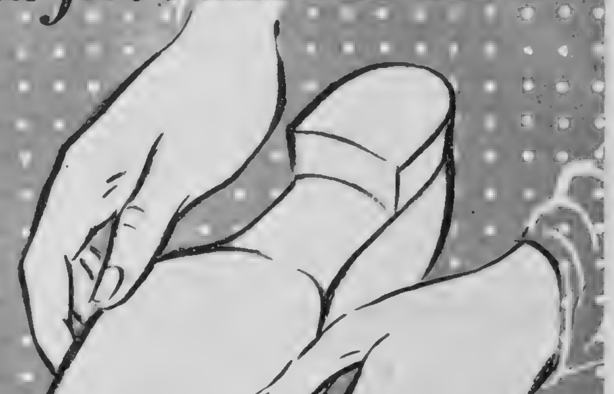

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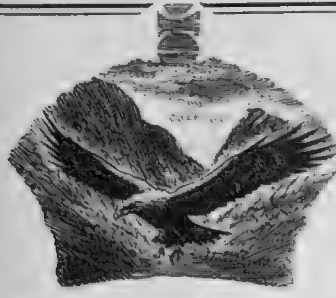

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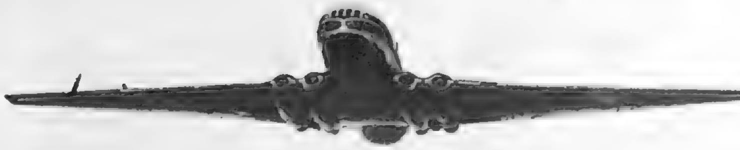

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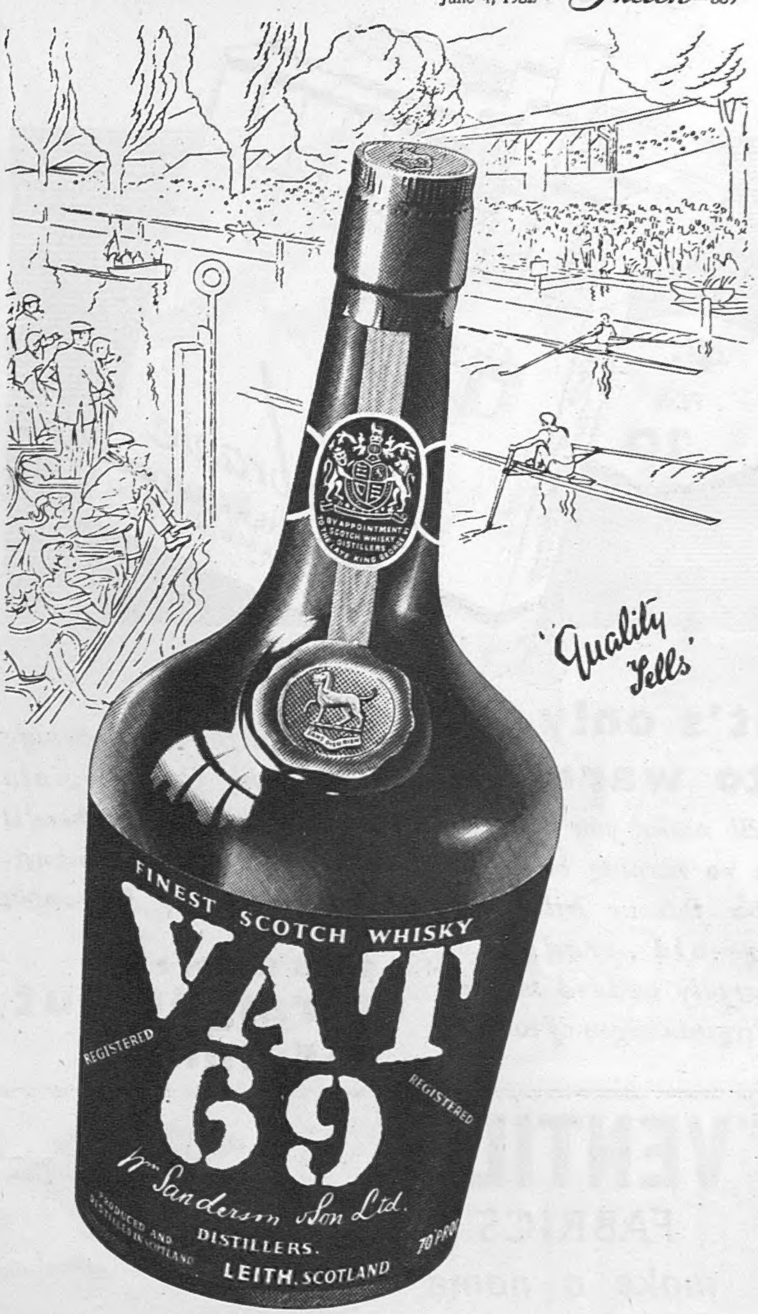

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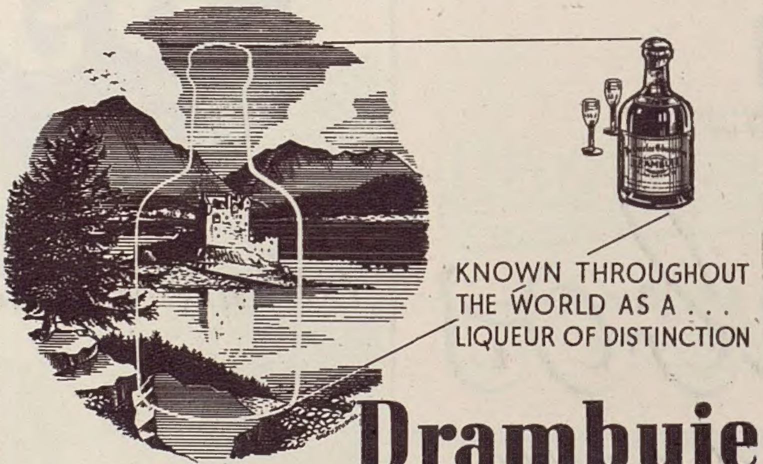

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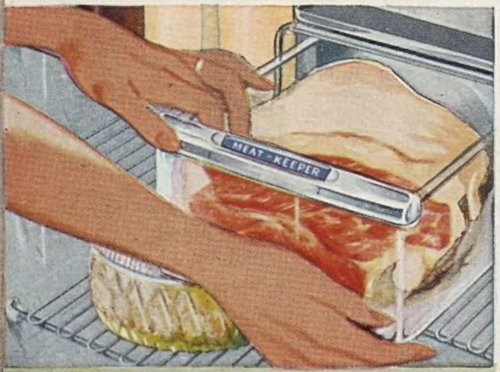

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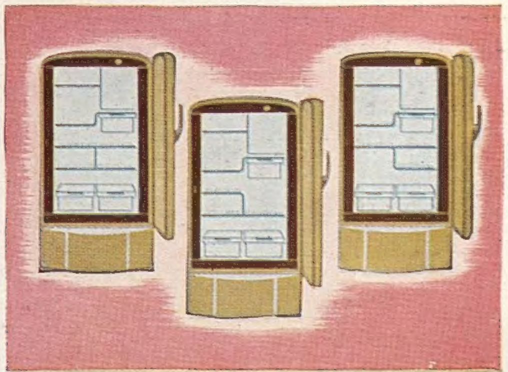

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